

A Fawcett Publication

OCTOBER

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

10¢
NO. 56



The SKY SENTRY defies
the earth shattering
"MENACE of MAMMOTH CAVES!"

FAMOUS SPORTS FLOPS

The **TOO-EAGER "BEAVER"**

COACH KEEN TELLS THOM McAN ANOTHER REAL SPORTS THRILLER



Thom McAn

503 STORES - IN 299 CITIES

SOFT YOUNG FOOT-BONES DON'T CRY OUT-- LIKE THOSE OF GROWN-UPS ---WHEN SHOES ARE TOO SMALL! SO THOM McAN DEVELOPED THE "GRO-CHART"-- IT GUARDS THE HEALTH AND GROWTH OF YOUNGSTERS' FEET! THE FITTER IN YOUR THOM McAN STORE WILL SHOW YOU HOW THE "GRO-CHART" WORKS!

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

THE DESTRUCTIVE FORCES OF NATURE ARE MANY AND TERRIBLE! BUT FLOODS AND FIRES, TYPHOONS AND TORNADOES ARE AS NOTHING, COMPARED TO THE VICIOUS WEAPON DR. GRAVITY HAS UNLEASHED ON A SURPRISED NATION. ONE MAN ALONE, HEROIC CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT, STANDS FIRM AGAINST THE MENACE OF MAMMOTH CAVES!

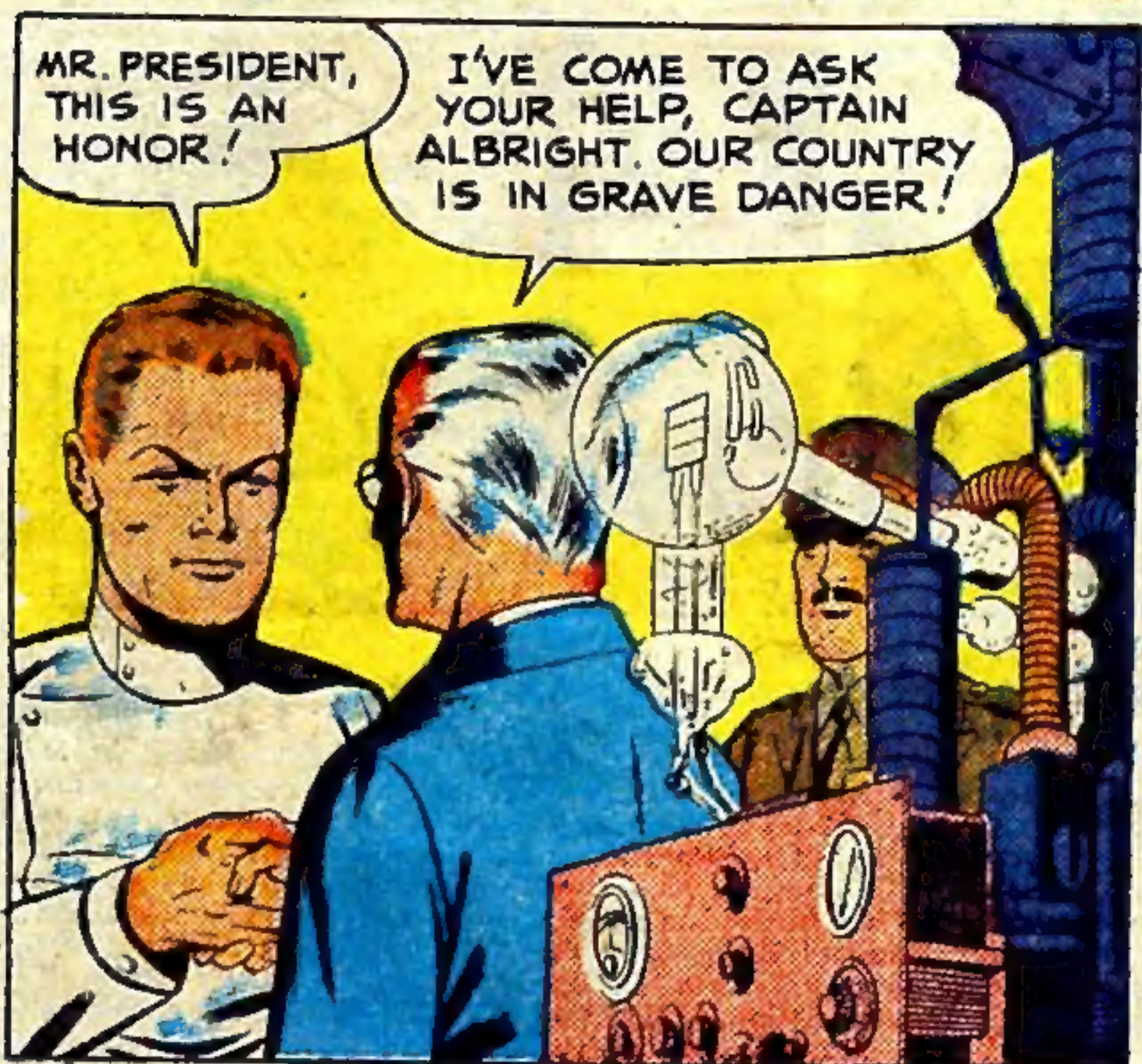


October, 1947. Vol. 10, No. 56

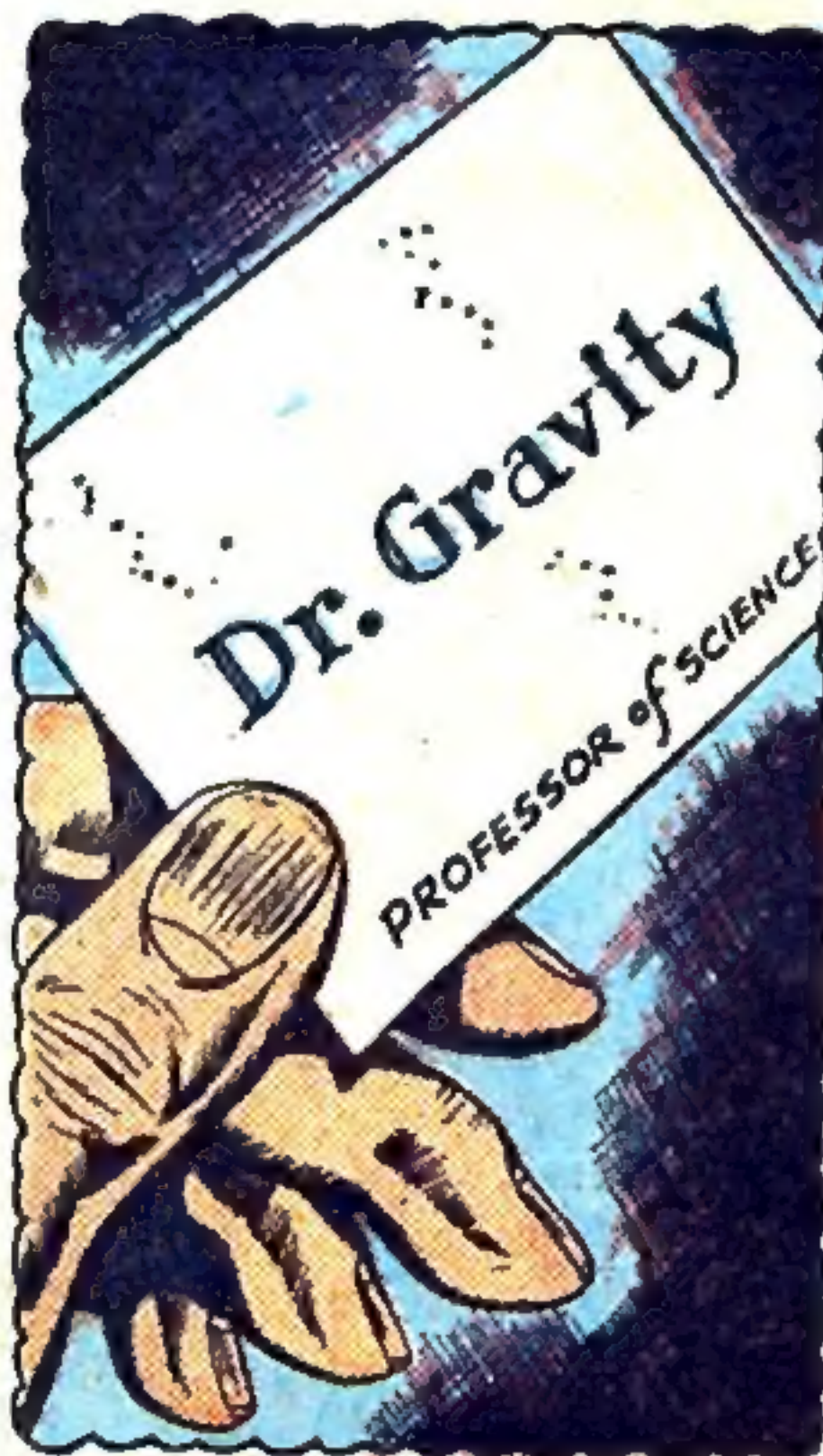
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT SUBSCRIPTION RATE 12 ISSUES FOR \$1.20 IN U. S. POSSESSIONS, AND CANADA

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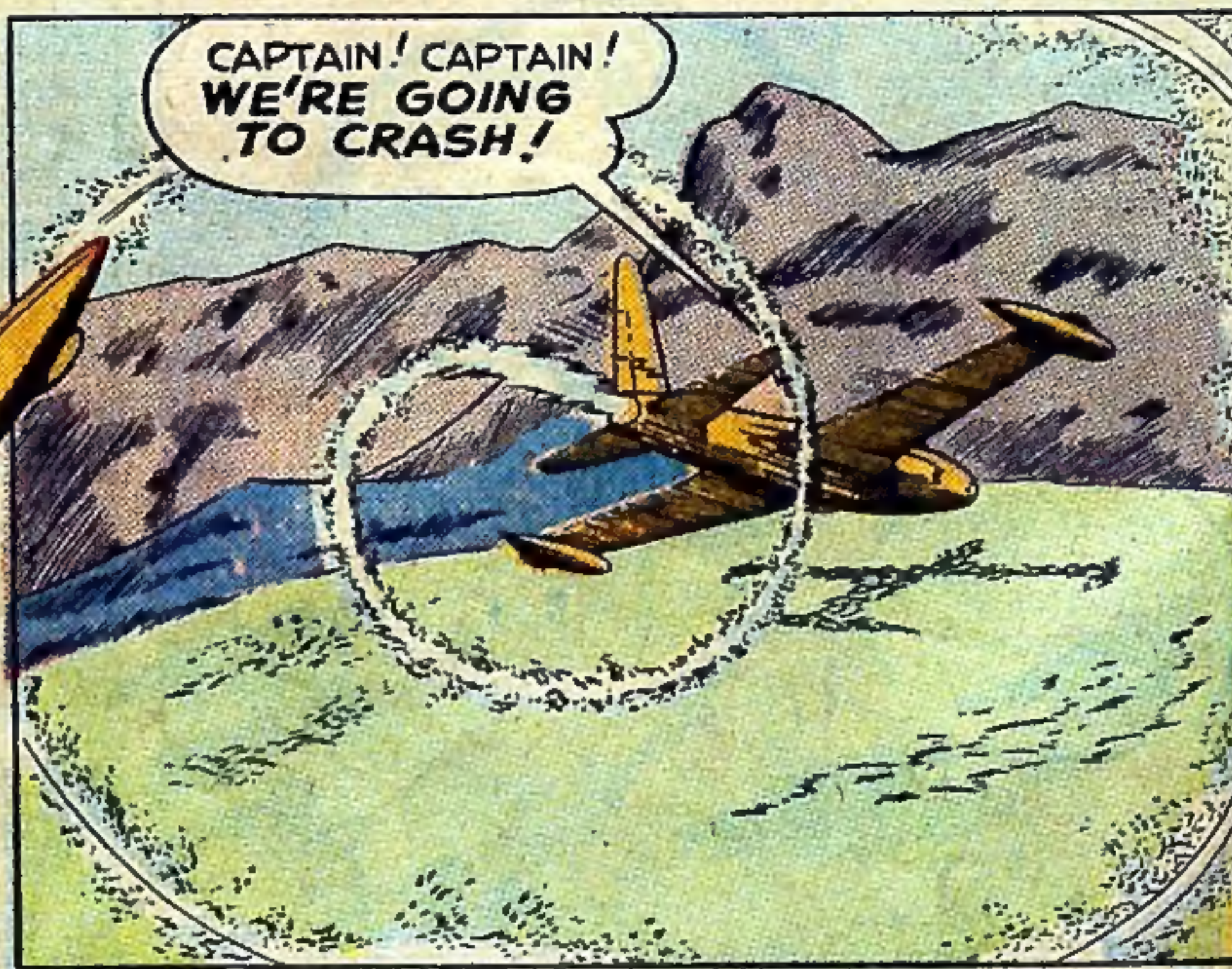
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHETHER **DR. GRAVITY** IS BEHIND THE MYSTERIOUS FORCE THAT DRAGGED THEM DOWN!



CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



I'VE TESTED THE JET PLANE'S INSTRUMENTS, TO DETERMINE THE DIRECTION OF THE FORCE THAT WAS PULLING US TO THE GROUND...

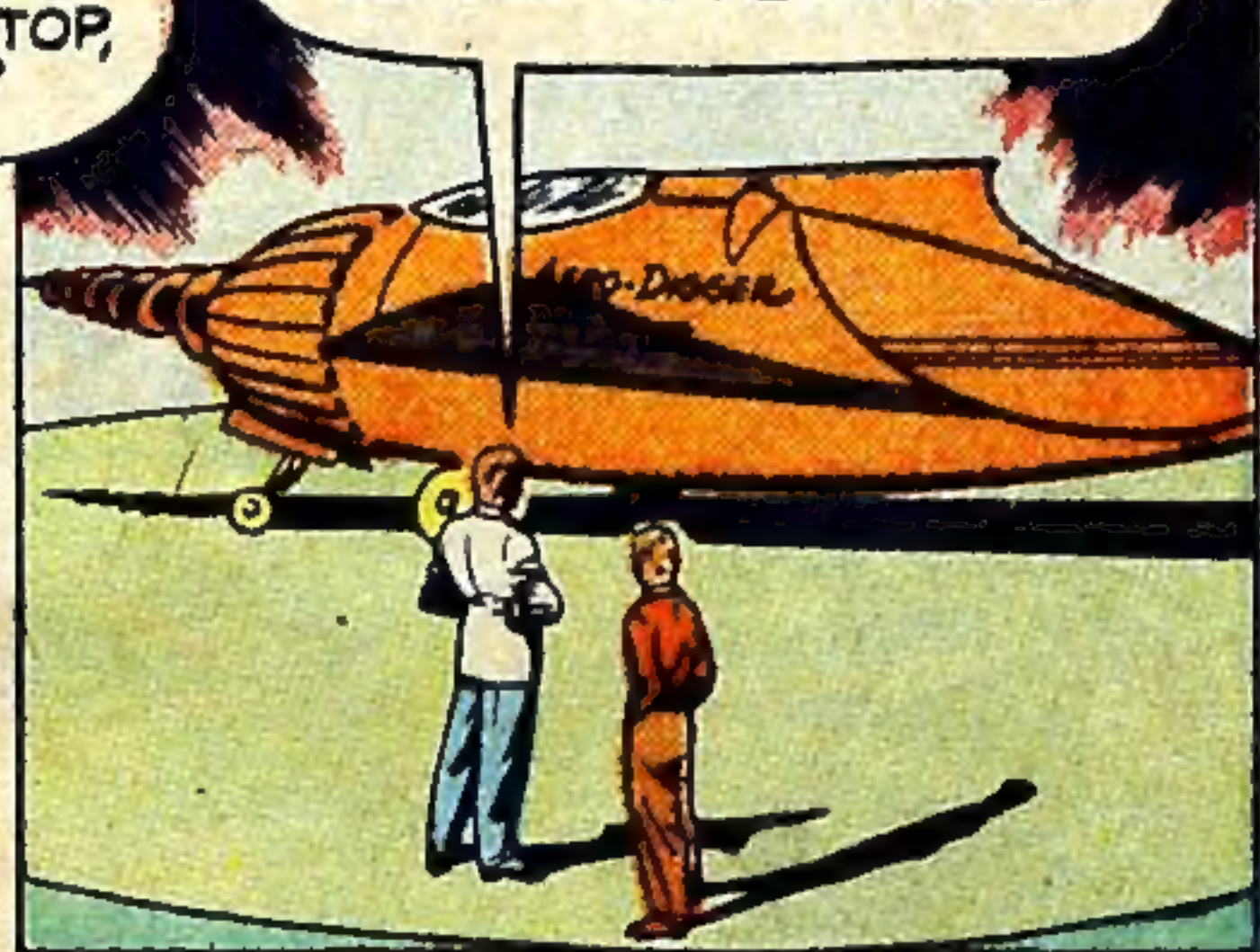


UNQUESTIONABLY, IT WAS THE SAME STRONG FORCE THAT PULLED THE CITIES DOWN. AND MY TESTS SHOW THAT IT CAME FROM THE **MAMMOTH CAVES**, IN KENTUCKY!



THEN THAT'S OUR NEXT STOP, EH, CAP?

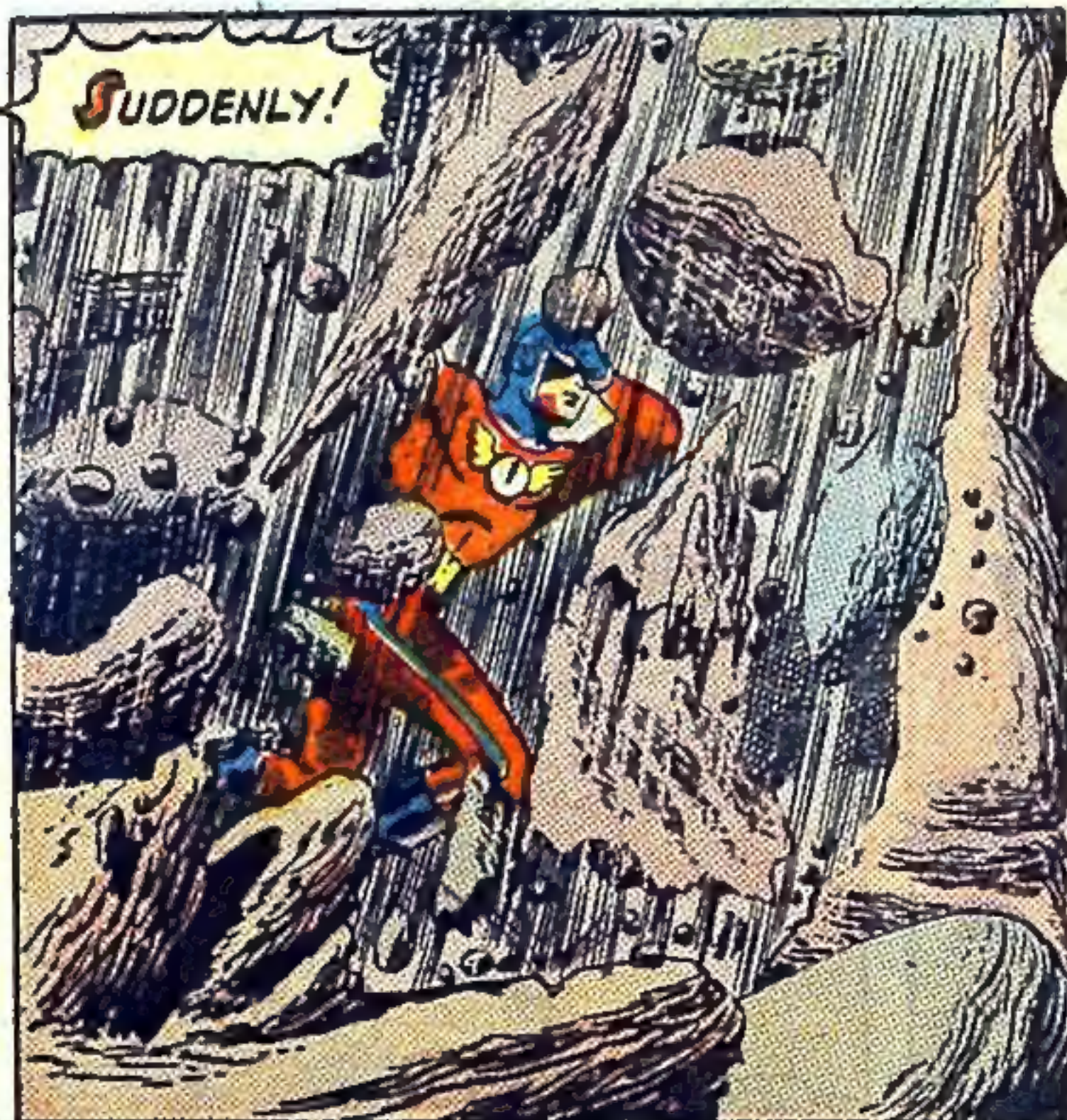
YES, CHUCK, AND I'VE A HUNCH THAT WE'D BETTER USE THE **AERO-DIGGER** TO GET THERE! WE'LL PROBABLY NEED ITS EXPLOSIVE DRILL POWER BEFORE WE'RE THROUGH.



DEEP IN THE LABYRINTHS OF MAMMOTH CAVES, A SINISTER FIGURE IS ON GUARD...



CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



SUPERB! LUCKY I PREPARED THAT RECEPTION IN ADVANCE! AND NOW TO GIVE THOSE IDIOTS ABOVE ANOTHER TASTE OF *THEIR* MEDICINE!



BUT DR. GRAVITY IS WRONG! FOR DIRECTLY ABOVE HIS CAVERN LABORATORY, WE FIND...

CAP, WHAT WAS THE IDEA OF SENDING THE **ROBOT INFANTRYMAN** INTO THE CAVE, DISGUISED AS YOURSELF?

I WANT TO DECOY GRAVITY'S ATTENTION, WHILE WE USE THE **DIGGER** -



-TO BLAST OUR WAY INTO HIS HIDE-OUT!



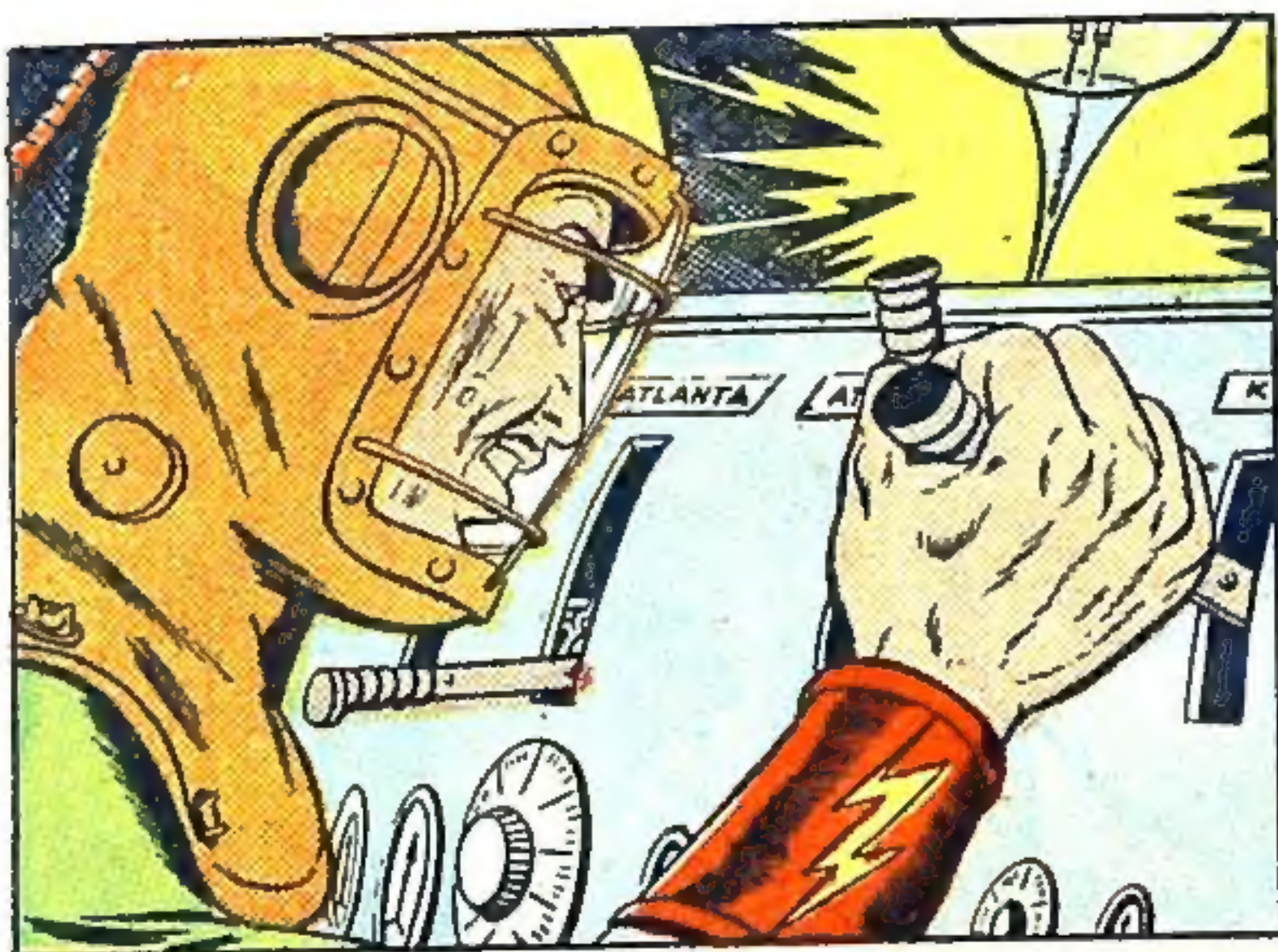
WE'LL BE THERE IN A MINUTE, CHUCK!



MEANWHILE... SO GENERAL MAJOR LAUGHED AT MY CLAIM TO THE OLD LOUISIANA TERRITORY, EH? LET HIM LAUGH AT A FEW MORE CITIES SINKING!



CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



IN A MOMENT, MY COSMIC RAY FORCES WILL GO TO WORK, WEAKENING THE EARTH'S COUNTER-GRAVITY STRESSES! THEN UNRESISTED GRAVITY WILL PRESS ANOTHER CITY INTO THE EARTH!

IN A GREAT CITY, HUNDREDS OF MILES AWAY...

HELP! HELP! WE'RE SINKING! GET EVERYONE OUT OF TOWN! HURRY!



WE'RE ALMOST THERE... HANG ON, **CHUCK**!

RIGHT WITH YOU, CAP!



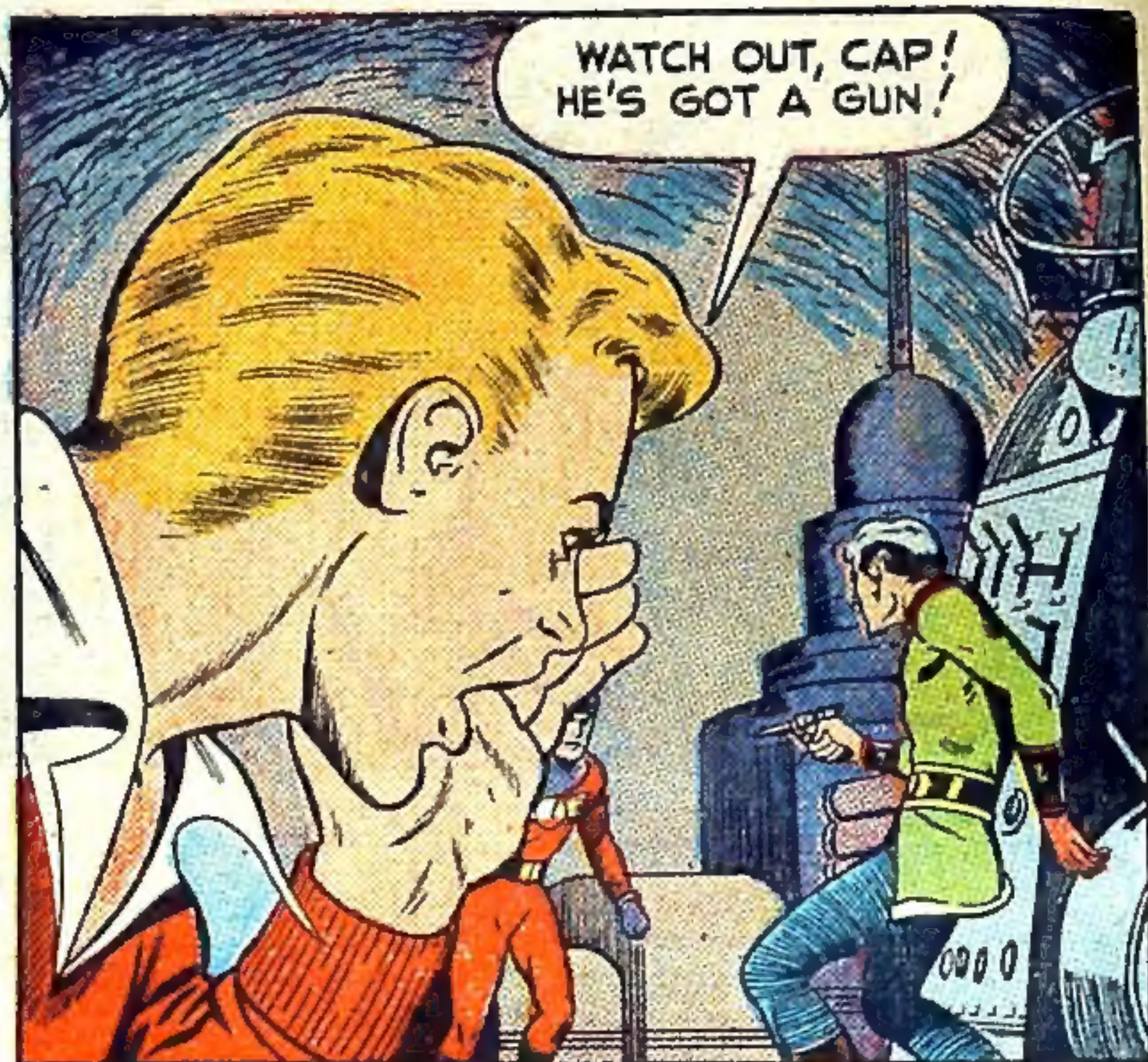
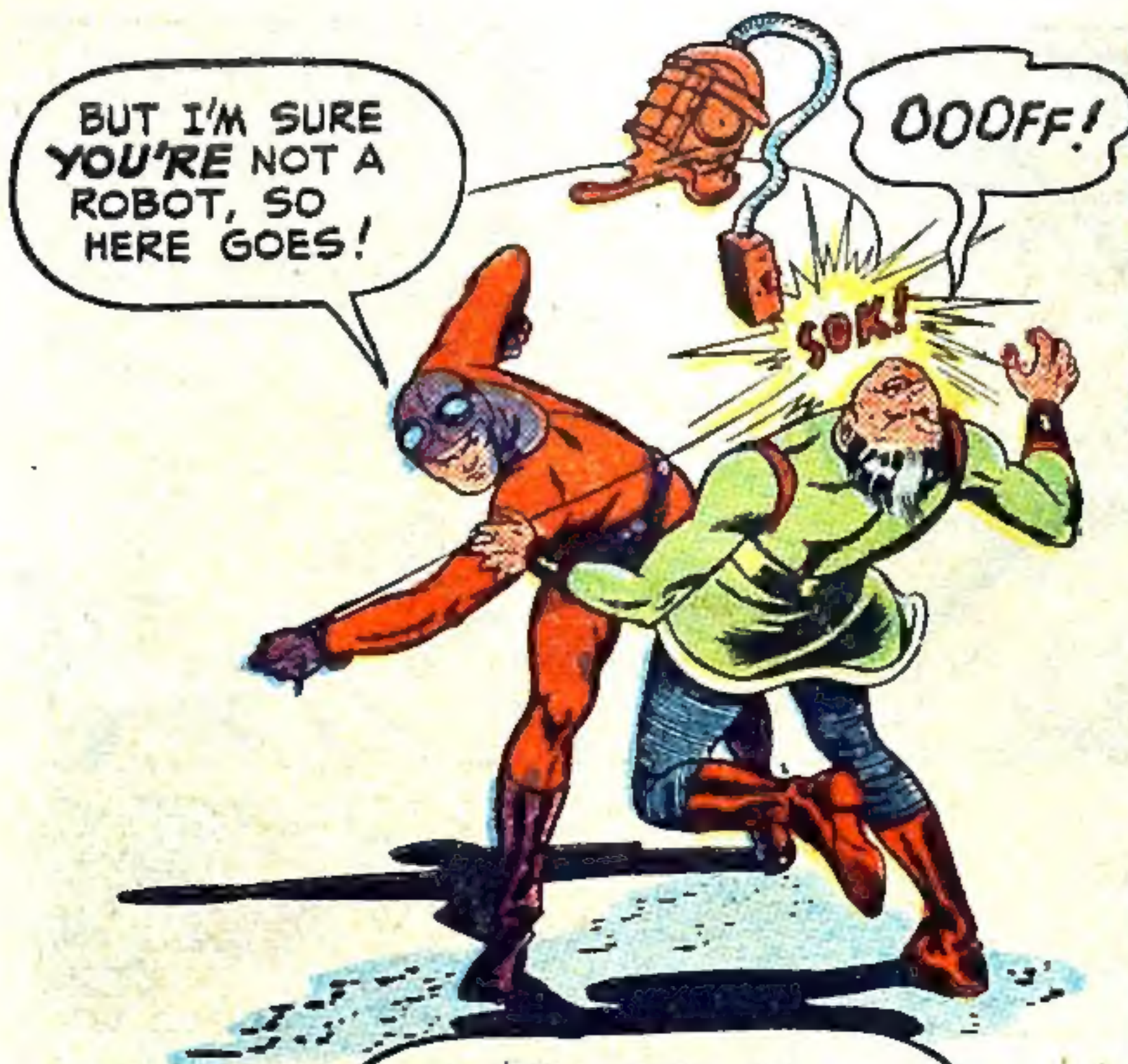
CRAACK!

WHAT TH'!

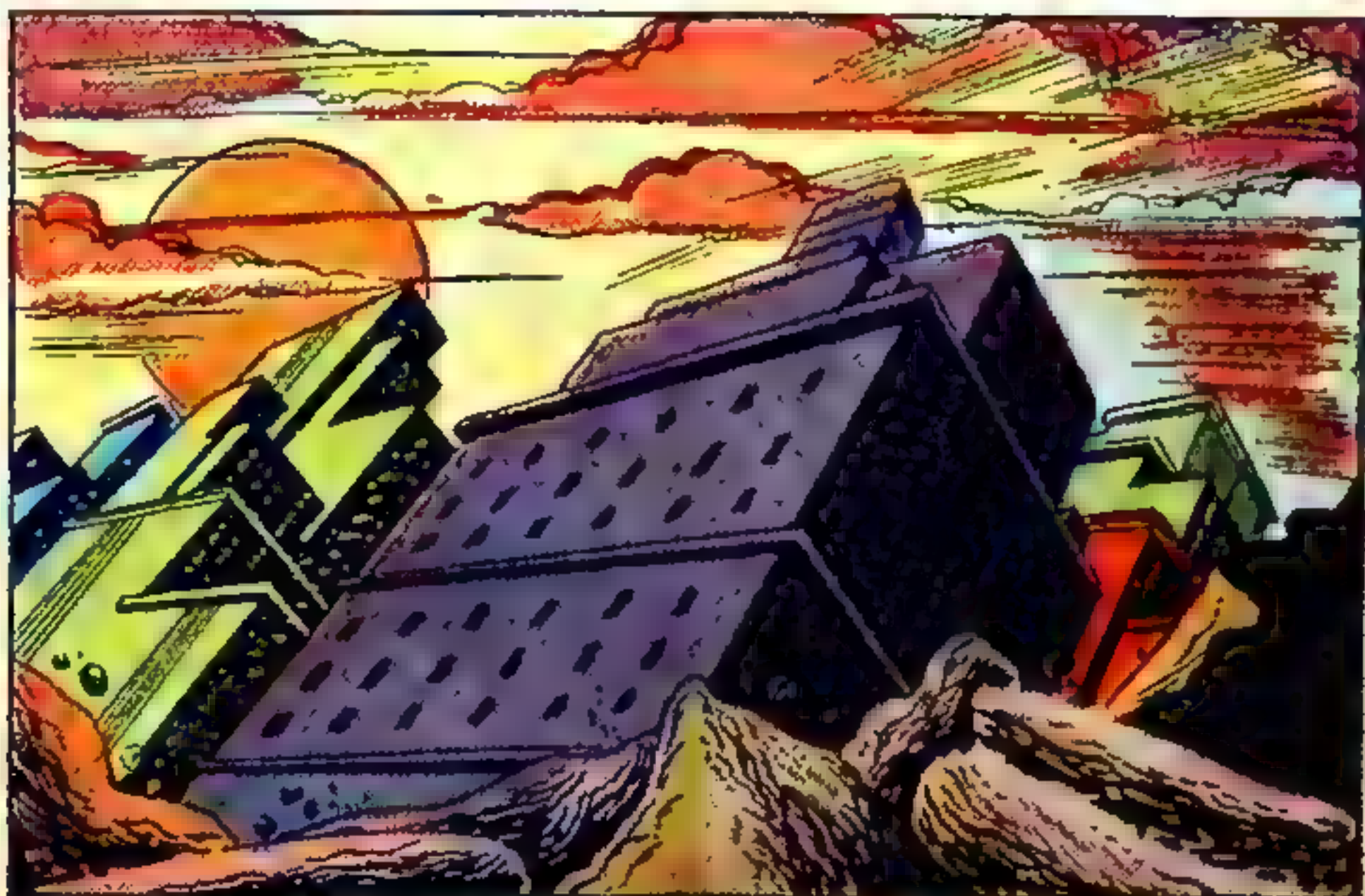
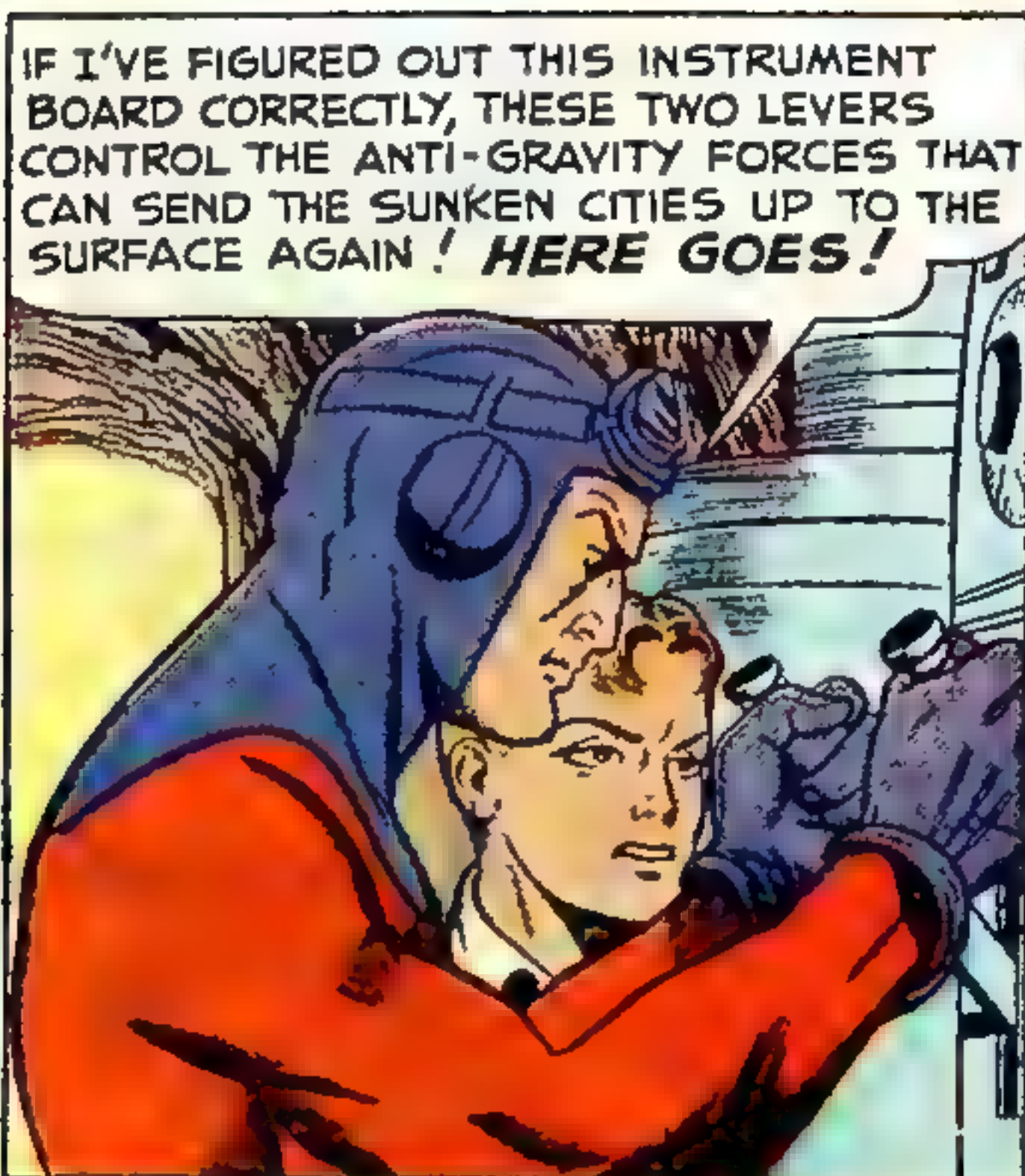
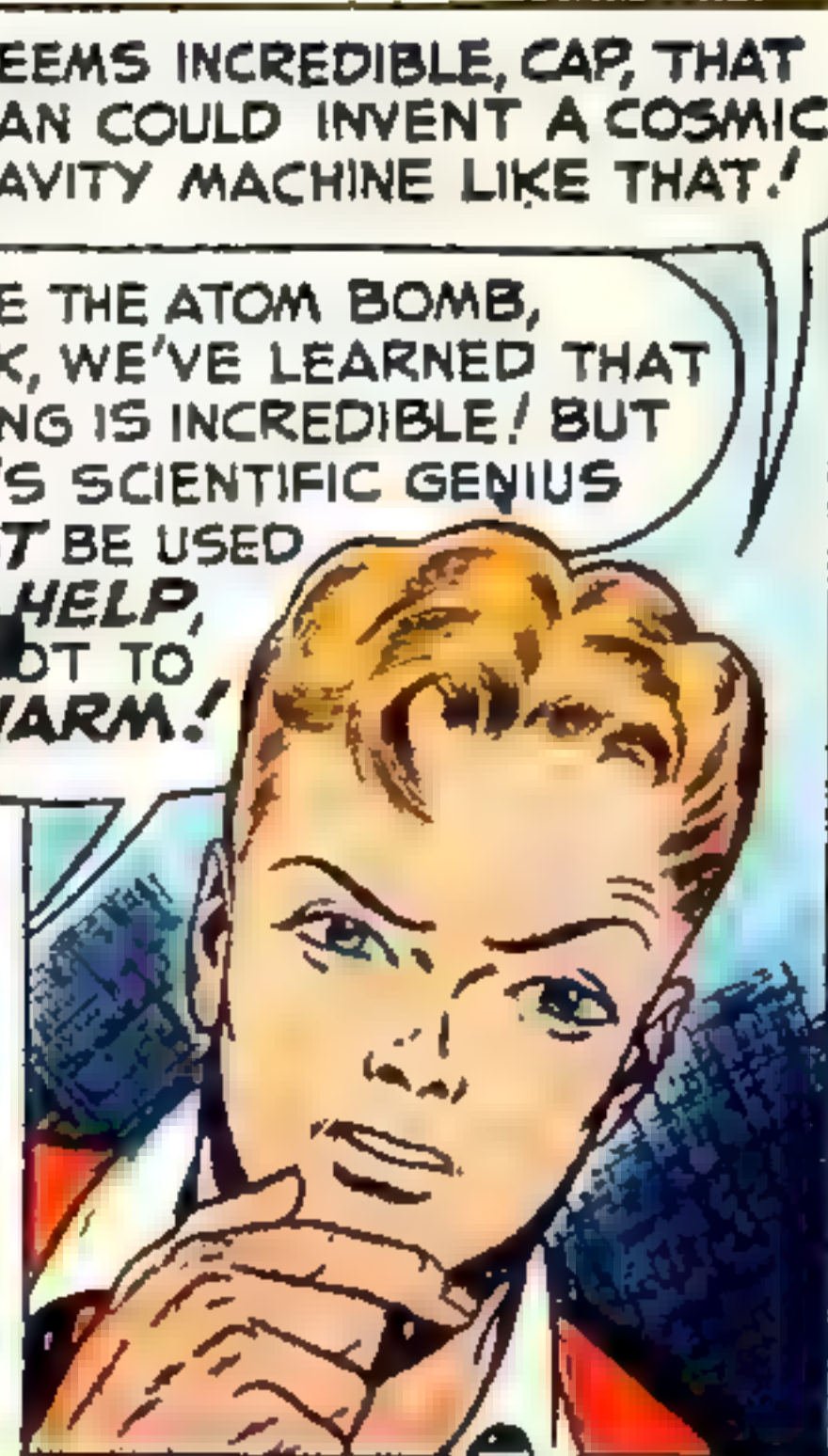


CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT! BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE -

NO, GRAVITY! YOUR TRAP CLOSED ON ONE OF MY INVENTIONS, THE ROBOT INFANTRYMAN, DISGUISED AS ME!



CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



ONCE AGAIN CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT'S DARING AND SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE HAVE SAVED HIS COUNTRY. DON'T MISS THE EXCITING MONTHLY ISSUES OF CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT COMICS!



COMIX CARDS
appear every
month in

**CAPTAIN
MIDNIGHT**

FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF
1815 & TAM
IN

**WHIZ
COMICS**

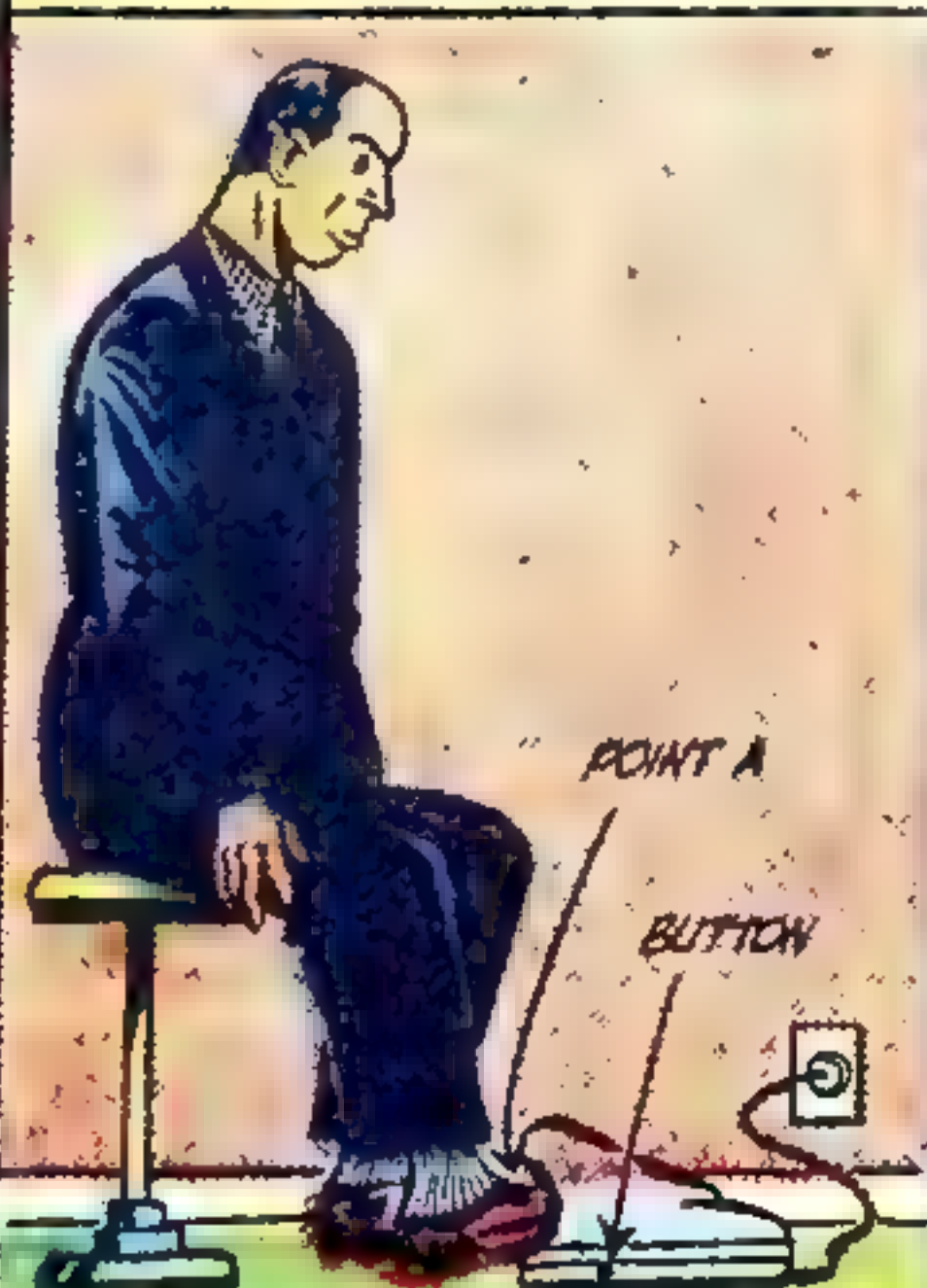
EVERY MONTH!

ONLY 10¢ AT YOUR LOCAL
NEWSSTAND!



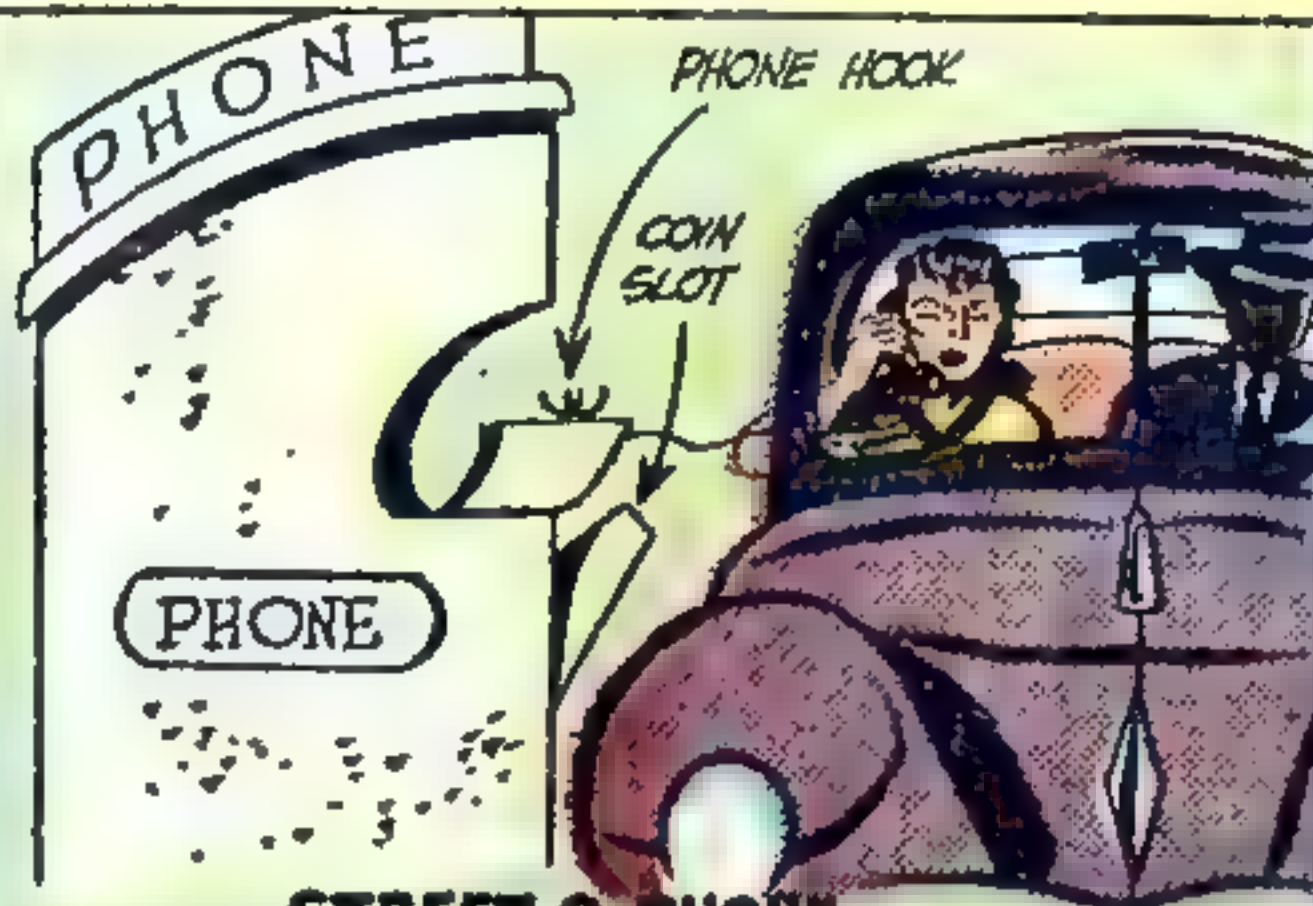
YOUR INVENTION PAGE!

Again we present some of the best inventions sent in this month by **CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT** readers! Your invention may be chosen next month. Send it in!



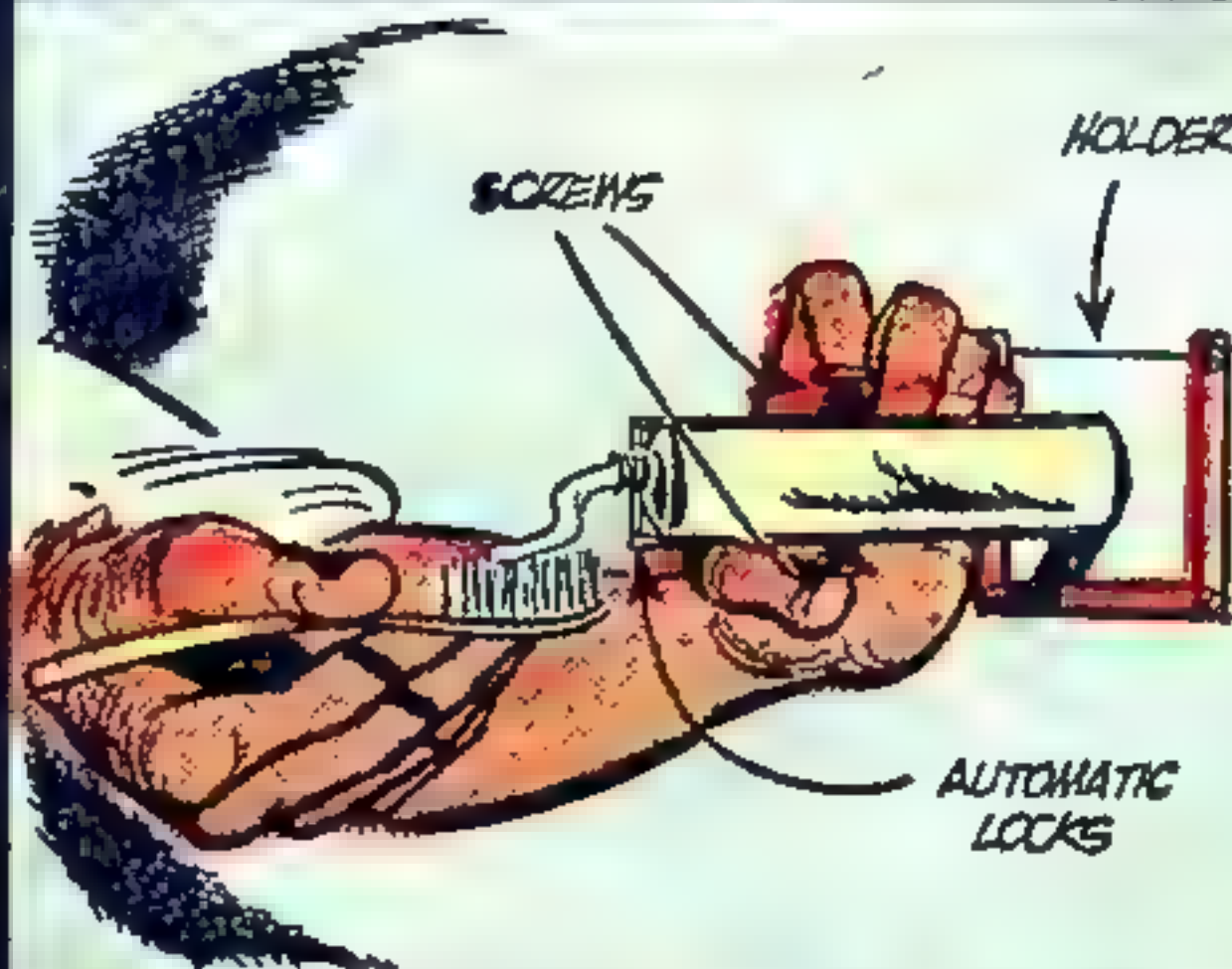
AUTOMATIC PORTABLE SHOE SHINER

PLACE SHOE AT POINT A, WHERE POLISH IS APPLIED. PRESS BUTTON FOR BRUSHING AND SHINING PROCESS TO BEGIN.
INVENTOR: BERNARD BRINKLEY
158 ADELPHI, BROOKLYN, N.Y.



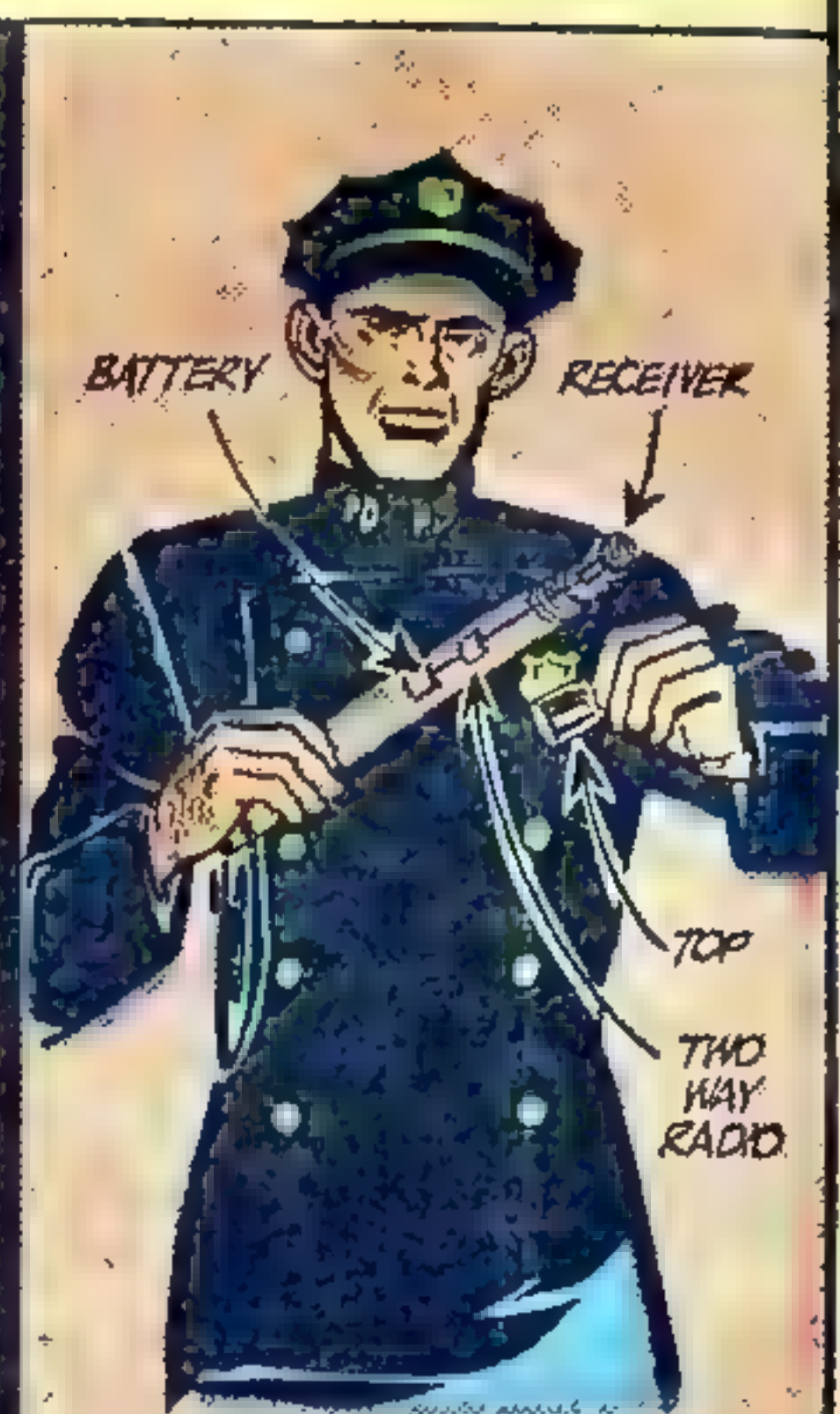
STREET-O-PHONE

A TELEPHONE BOOTH ESPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED FOR CALLING FROM AUTOMOBILE AT ROADSIDE.
INVENTOR: DICKY RONK
5104 7 ST. N.W., WASHINGTON, D.C.



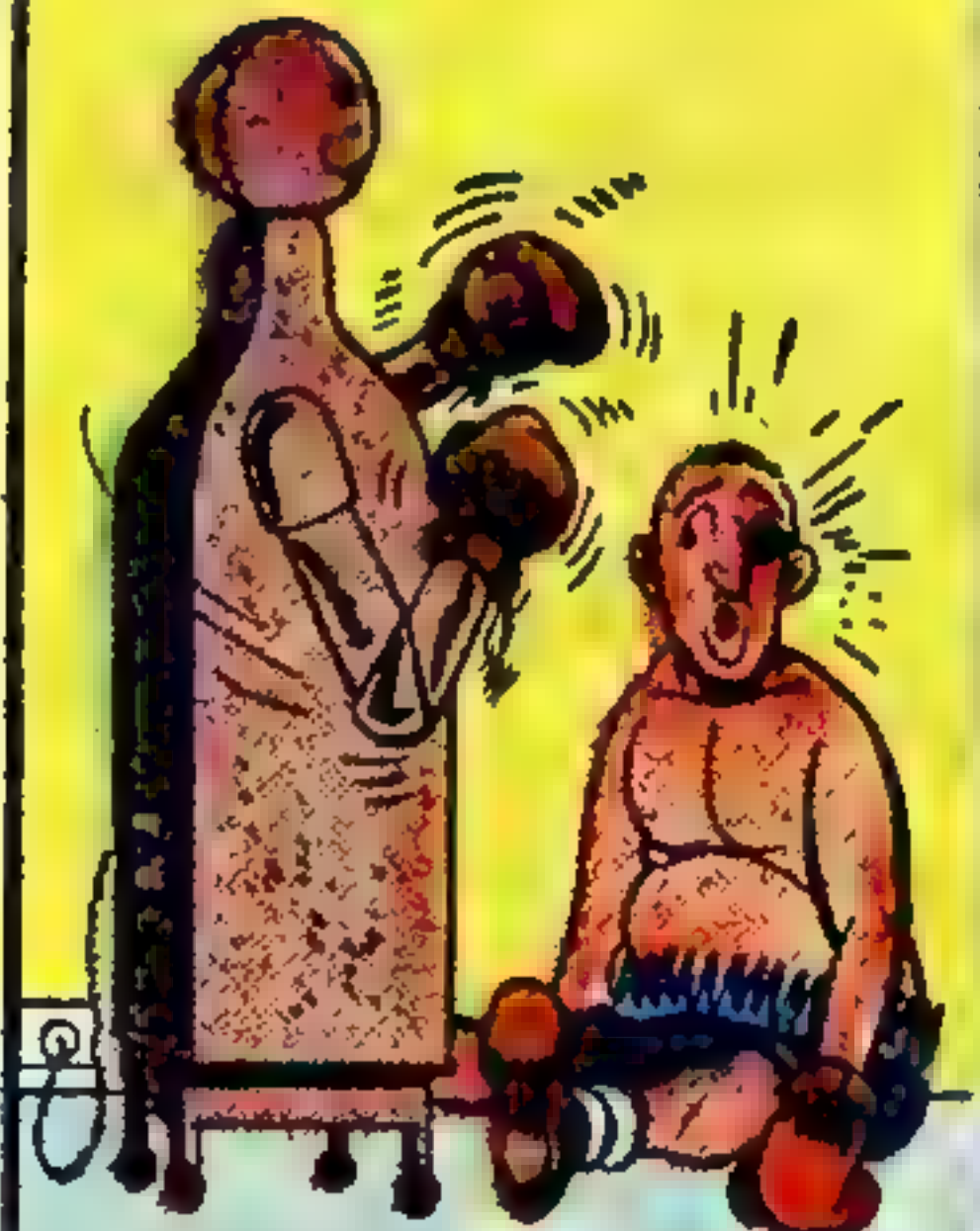
TOOTHPASTE TUBE HOLDER

BACKEND FITS DOWN INTO HOLDER SCREWED TO WALL. ALSO AN AUTOMATIC LOCK WHICH PERMITS ONLY A BRUSHFUL TO BE SQUEEZED THROUGH AT A TIME.
INVENTOR: JIMMY ADAMS
148 SOUTH 7 ST., STEUBENVILLE, OHIO.



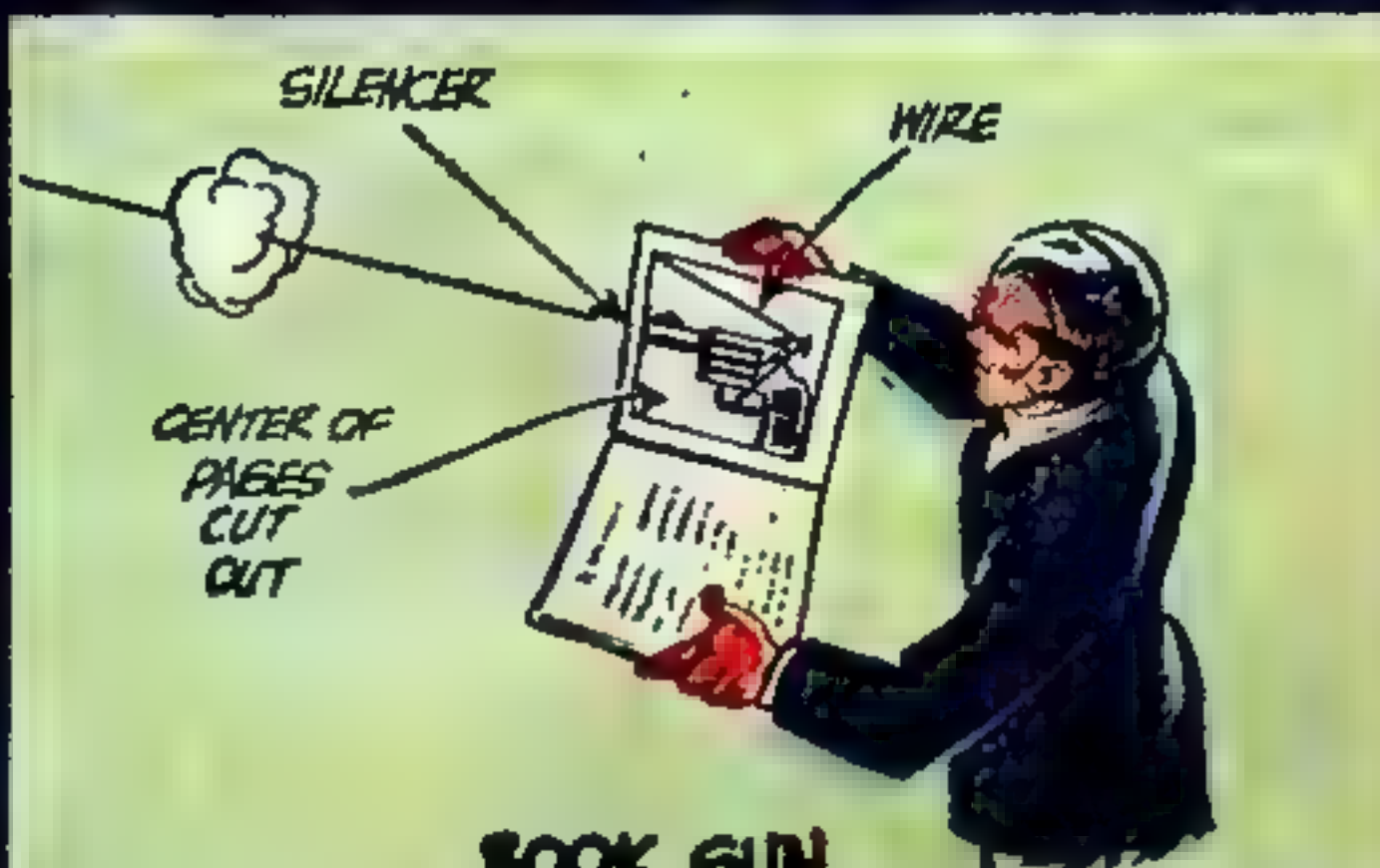
PATROL WALKIE-TALKIE

A PORTABLE SENDING AND RECEIVING SET TO BE CARRIED BY ON-FOOT POLICE OFFICERS FOR ON-THE-SPOT CONTACT WITH HEADQUARTERS.
INVENTOR: EUGENE WHITAKER
907 FREIL ST., COLUMBIA, TENN.



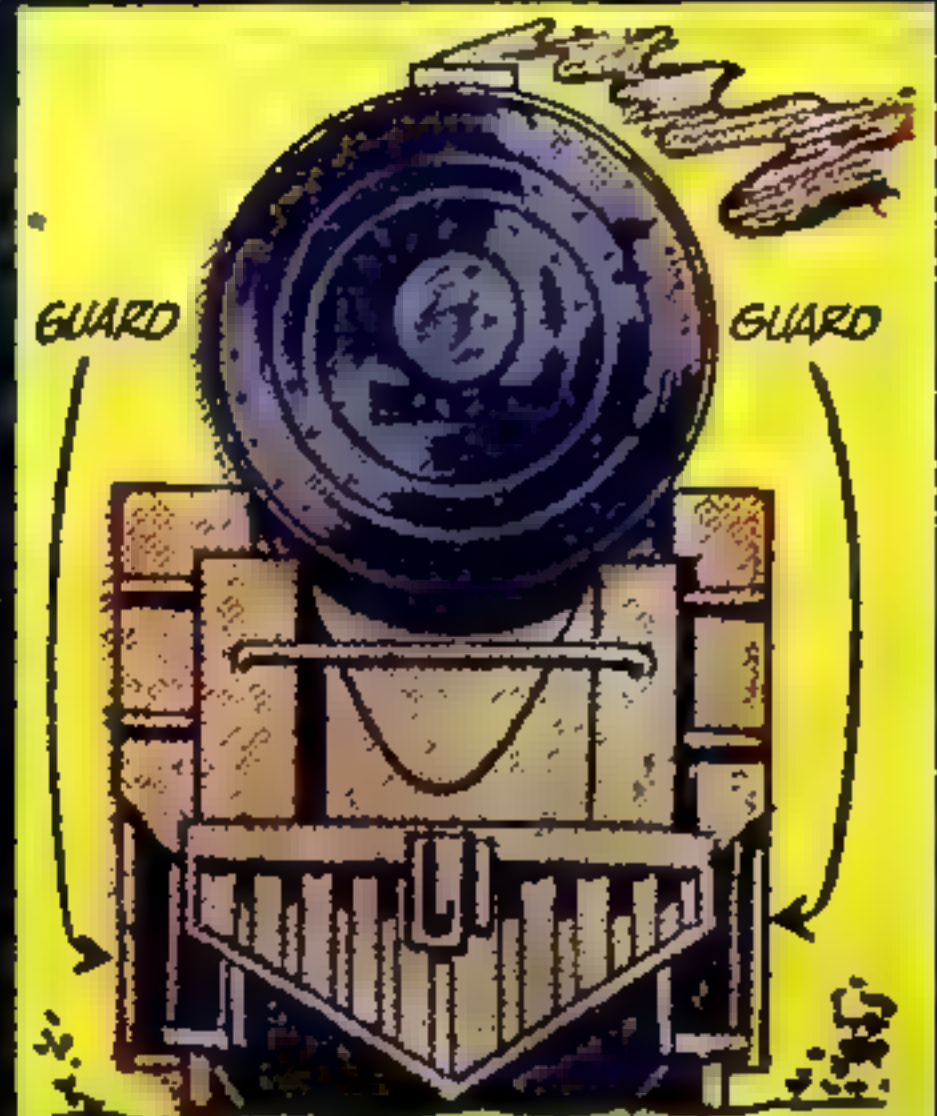
MECHANICAL SPARRING PARTNER

THIS OPPONENT THROWS A CONSTANT FLURRY OF VARIED LIGHTNING BLOWS. THIS WOULD SPEED UP THE AGILITY AND THE ENDURANCE OF A TRAINING PRIZEFIGHTER.
INVENTOR: DON LARSON
1017 CENTRAL AVE.
CLEVELAND, TENN.



BOOK GUN

FOR FEDERAL MEN TO CARRY CONCEALED WEAPON WHICH MAY BE INSTANTANEOUSLY DISCHARGED.
INVENTOR: RALPH DAY
233 E WALNUT ST., YORK, PA.



LOCOMOTIVE GUARDS

RAIL SAFETY GUARDS ON EITHER SIDE OF LOCOMOTIVE TO PREVENT DERAILMENT ACCIDENTS.

INVENTOR: FRANK DUELL JR.
1385 CLEVELAND AVE. S.W.
CANTON 4, OHIO.

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT sends FREE to every contributor a personal **CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT INVENTION PATENT**. Send him YOUR invention at 49 West Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn., and watch for it to appear here.

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

ADVERTISEMENT



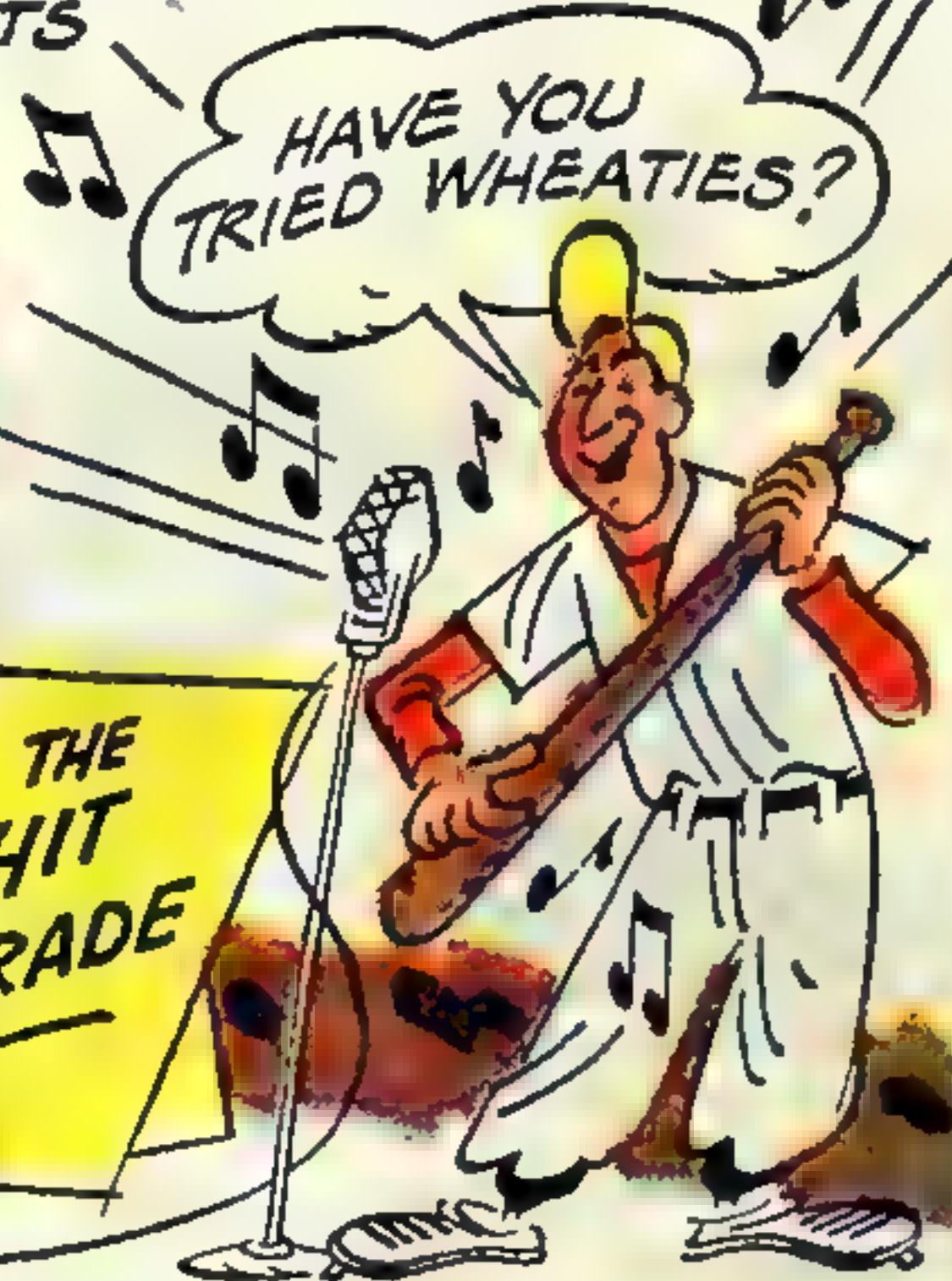
BATTING
CHAMPION OF THE
AMERICAN LEAGUE

VERNON

"THEY HIT THE SPOT." THAT'S WHAT MICKEY VERNON SAYS ABOUT WHEATIES. "I EAT A BIG BOWLFUL ALMOST EVERY MORNING," SAYS THE CHAMPION SLUGGER. "AND MY TIP TO EVERYBODY WHO LIKES GOOD EATING IS — GET NEXT TO WHEATIES"



VERNON'S .353 AVERAGE WAS TOPS FOR HITTERS IN THE JUNIOR CIRCUIT DURING 1946. HE WAS CHAMP IN THE "DOUBLES DEPARTMENT," TOO — DROVE OUT 51 TWO-BASE HITS



AT THE START OF THE 1946 CAMPAIGN, MICKEY WAS GOING HITLESS. BUT ONCE HE STARTED TO CLICK HE JUMPED TO NUMBER ONE ON THE HIT PARADE — PACED THE LEAGUE'S FAMOUS SLUGGERS PRACTICALLY ALL SEASON

WHEATIES' BREAKFAST CHAMPIONS

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.



MARY MARVEL'S

IMPORTANT BACK TO SCHOOL MESSAGE

JOHN BINDER

MADAME ADELE PROMISED ME SUPER-VALUES AND EXTRA LOW PRICES FOR MY BACK-TO-SCHOOL CLOTHES THIS YEAR!

YOU'LL SURELY AGREE I KEPT MY PROMISE. HERE THEY ARE! A JACKET-BLOUSE AND SKIRT OF BEAUTIFUL PIN-WALE CORDUROY.... WASHABLE TOO!

GOLLY, I CAN MIX OR MATCH THE COLORS ANY WAY I LIKE. AND I CAN WEAR THE JACKET-BLOUSE OVER MY SKIRTS AND SLACKS OR TUCKED-IN LIKE A BLOUSE!

WEAR OVER SKIRT

TUCKED-IN LIKE A BLOUSE

SKIRT
\$3.49

JACKET
\$4.49

"I KNOW MOTHER WILL BE ONLY TOO GLAD TO LET ME HAVE THESE BEAUTIFUL CLOTHES BECAUSE SHE KNOWS THAT MARY MARVEL VALUES ARE UNBEATABLE!"

PRE-WAR QUALITY

AT PRE-WAR PRICES!

Yes, corduroy is the smartest thing for school this year. Here's your chance to buy the jacket-blouse and skirt separately or as a complete outfit, in matched or contrasting colors. Both are beautifully styled by Millbrook with all the nice details you like: button-cuffs on the jacket-blouse, a nice long zipper on the skirt. Order your favorite fall colors: red, brown or hemlock green. Girls sizes 7, 8, 10, 12, 14. Skirt \$3.49. Jacket \$4.49. A second color choice will be appreciated.

MARY MARVEL ENTERPRISES, INC., 215 West 40th St., New York 18, N. Y.

Please send me articles checked below. When they arrive, I will pay the postman the prices as advertised above, plus postage charges, in full payment. If, for any reason I am not completely satisfied, I may return any of them within 5 days for full refund. All merchandise guaranteed.

ITEM	QUANTITY	COLOR	SIZE	2nd COLOR CHOICE
JACKET-BLOUSE				
SKIRT				

(PLEASE PRINT)

NAME _____

STREET _____

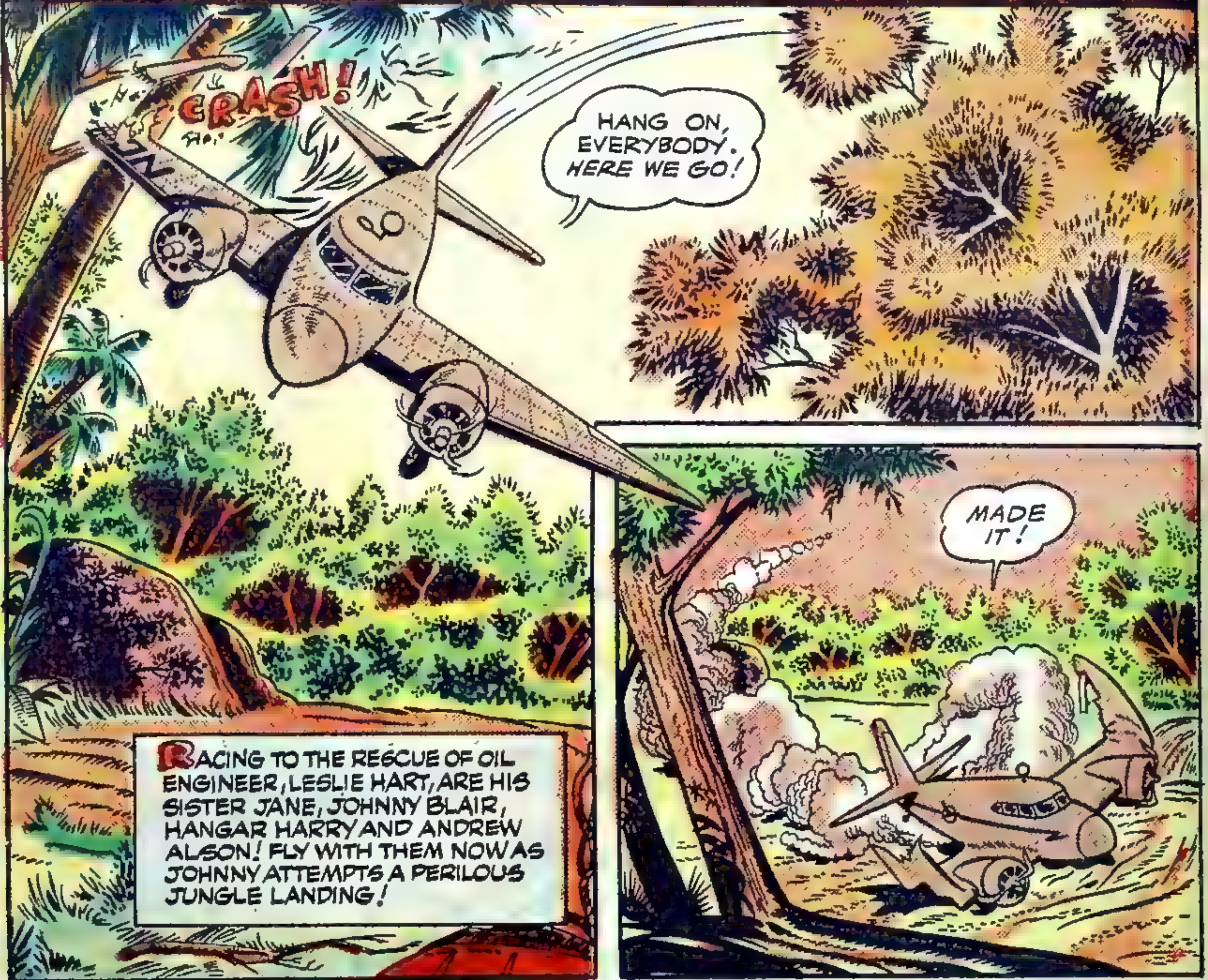
CITY _____

STATE _____

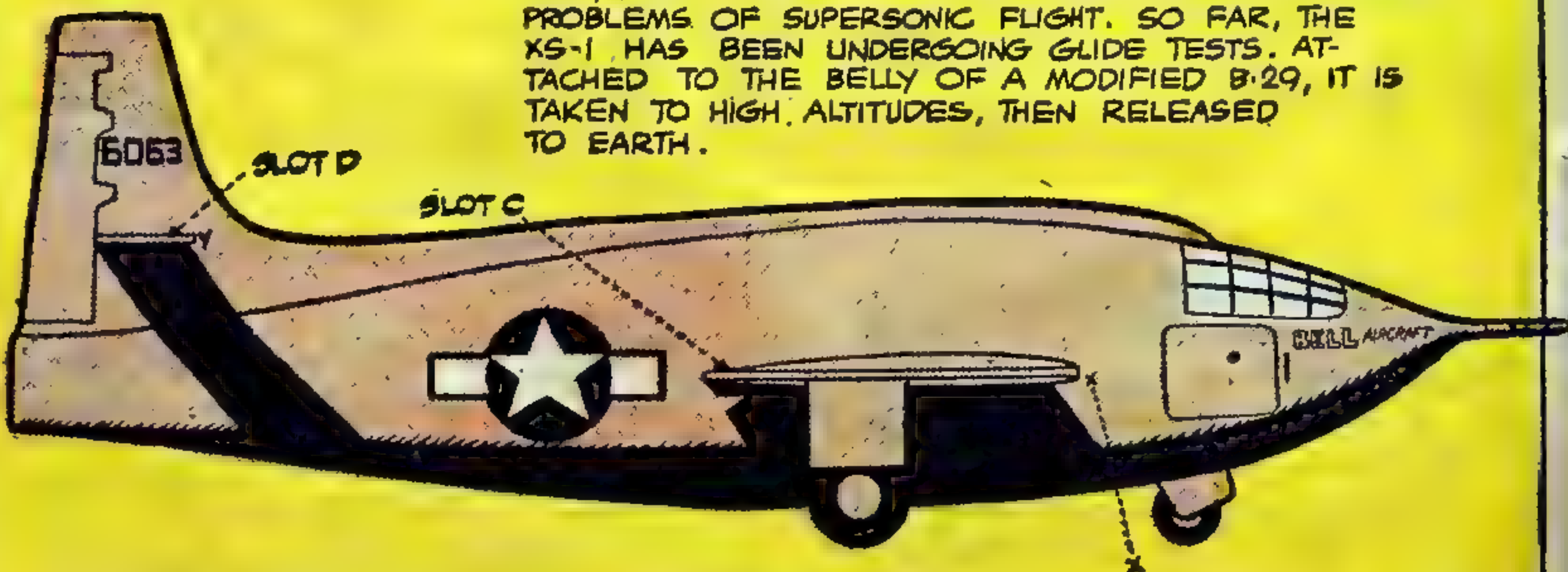
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215 West 40th St.,
New York 18, N. Y.

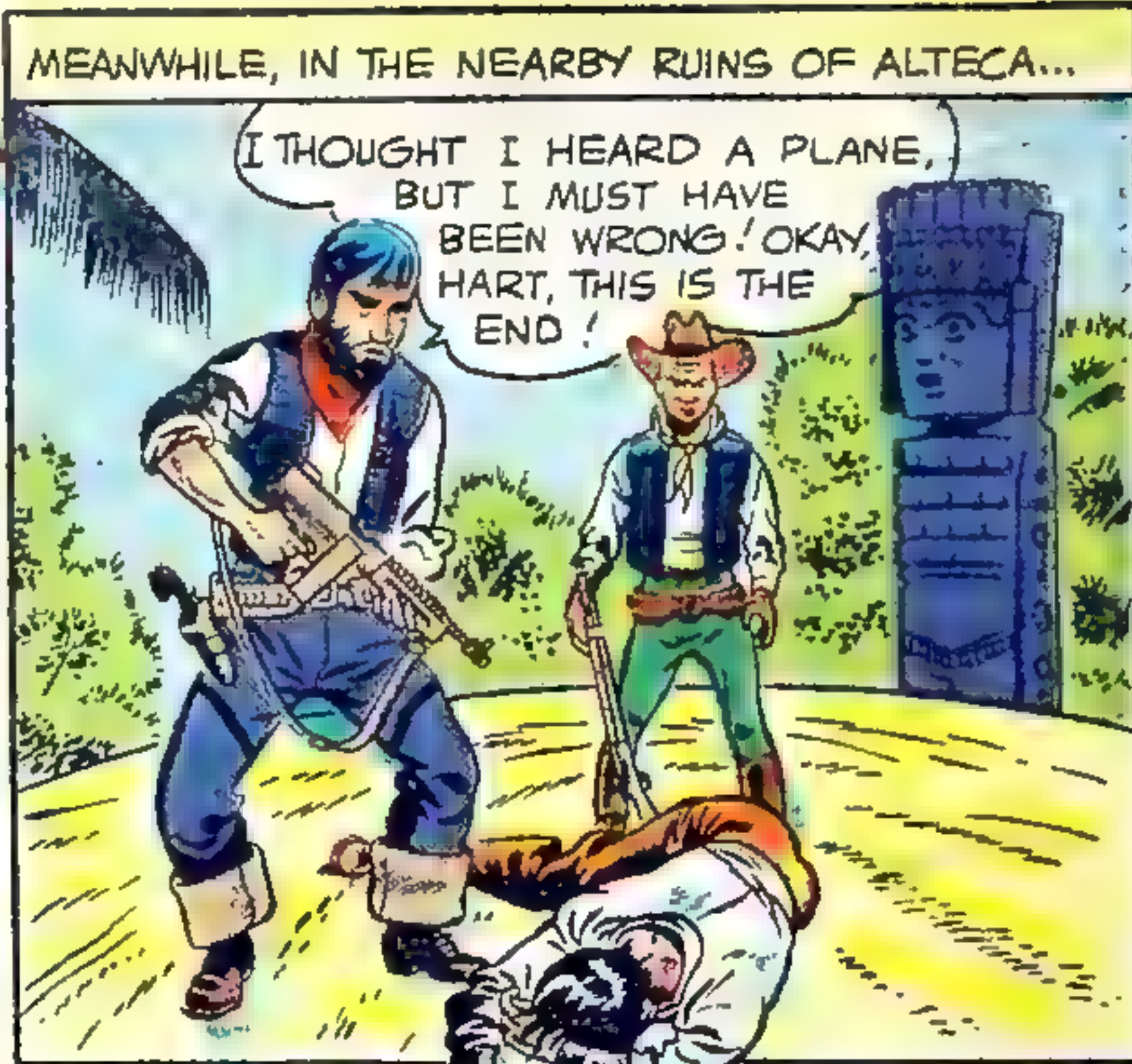
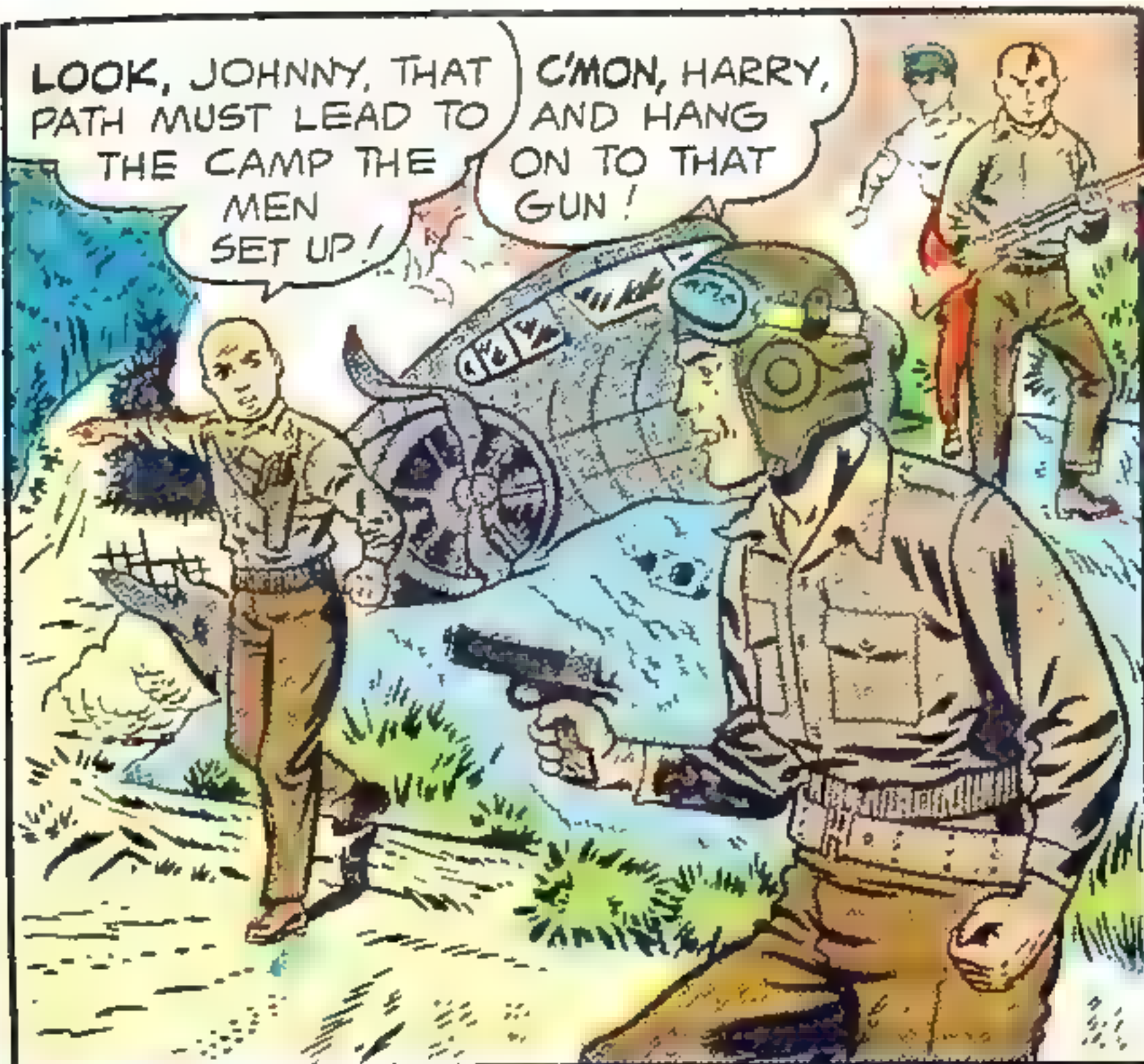
JOHNNY BLAIR IN THE AIR



HERE ARE JOHNNY BLAIR'S CUTOUTS OF THE BELL XS-1, THE FIRST U.S. PLANE DESIGNED TO EXPLORE PROBLEMS OF SUPERSONIC FLIGHT. SO FAR, THE XS-1 HAS BEEN UNDERGOING GLIDE TESTS. ATTACHED TO THE BELLY OF A MODIFIED B-29, IT IS TAKEN TO HIGH ALTITUDES, THEN RELEASED TO EARTH.



CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

INSERT IN SLOT D,
BOTH POINTS
MARKED Y MEETING.



INSERT WING IN
SLOT C, BOTH POINTS
MARKED X MEETING.



KEEP YOUR SCISSORS AND GLUE
POT HANDY FOR A NEW-
JOHNNY BLAIR PLANE MODEL CUTOUT!
EVERY MONTH IN-
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT COMICS!!

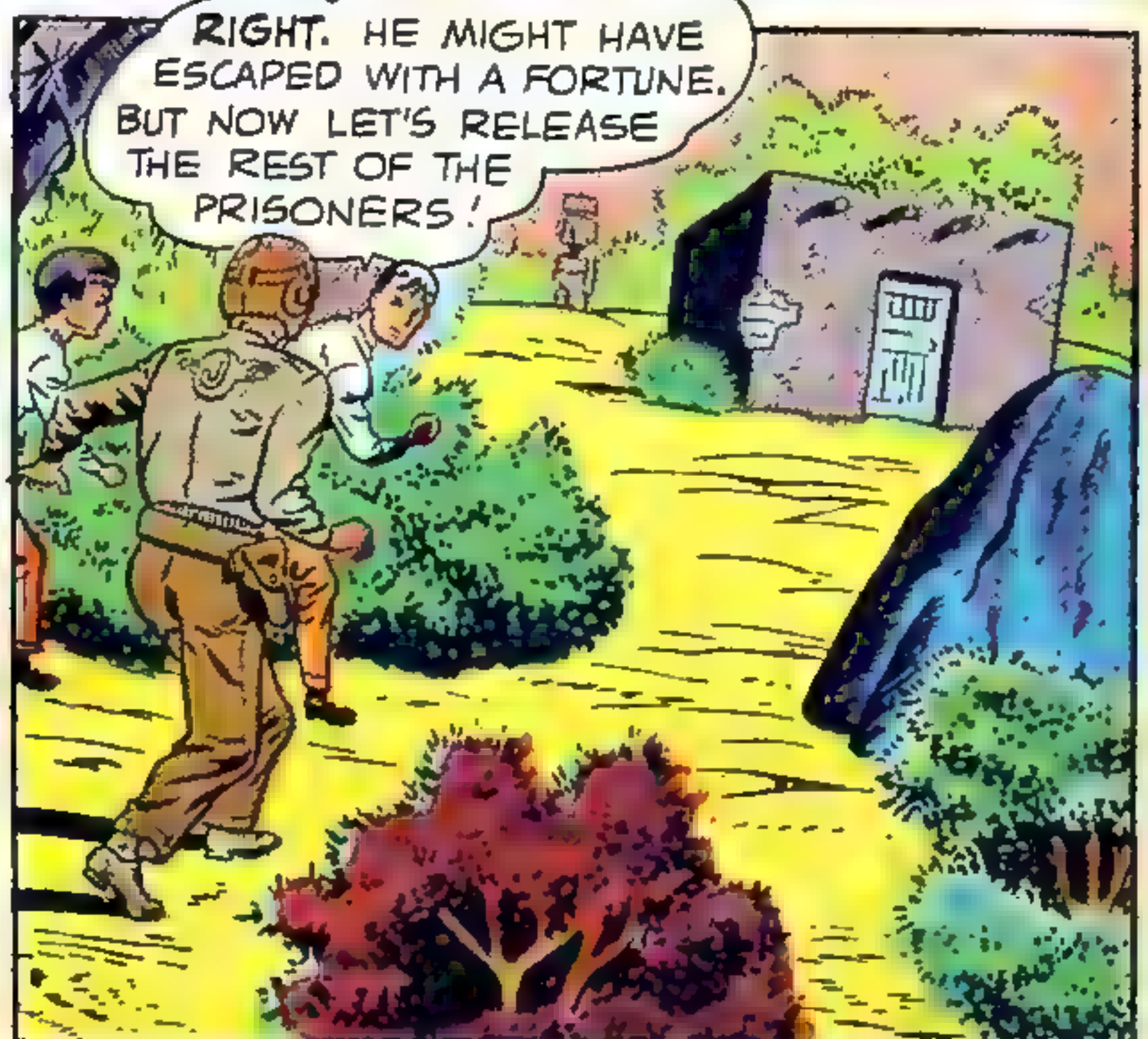
LES HART TELLS HIS STORY...

SO THEN, CLIFF CARDIN FORCED
US TO EXCAVATE THE
TREASURES OF THE
LOST CITY OF ALTECA
FOR HIM!

I SEE. AND
HE WAS ABOUT
TO FINISH YOU
OFF AND MAKE
A GETAWAY WHEN
WE ARRIVED!



RIGHT. HE MIGHT HAVE
ESCAPED WITH A FORTUNE.
BUT NOW LET'S RELEASE
THE REST OF THE
PRISONERS!



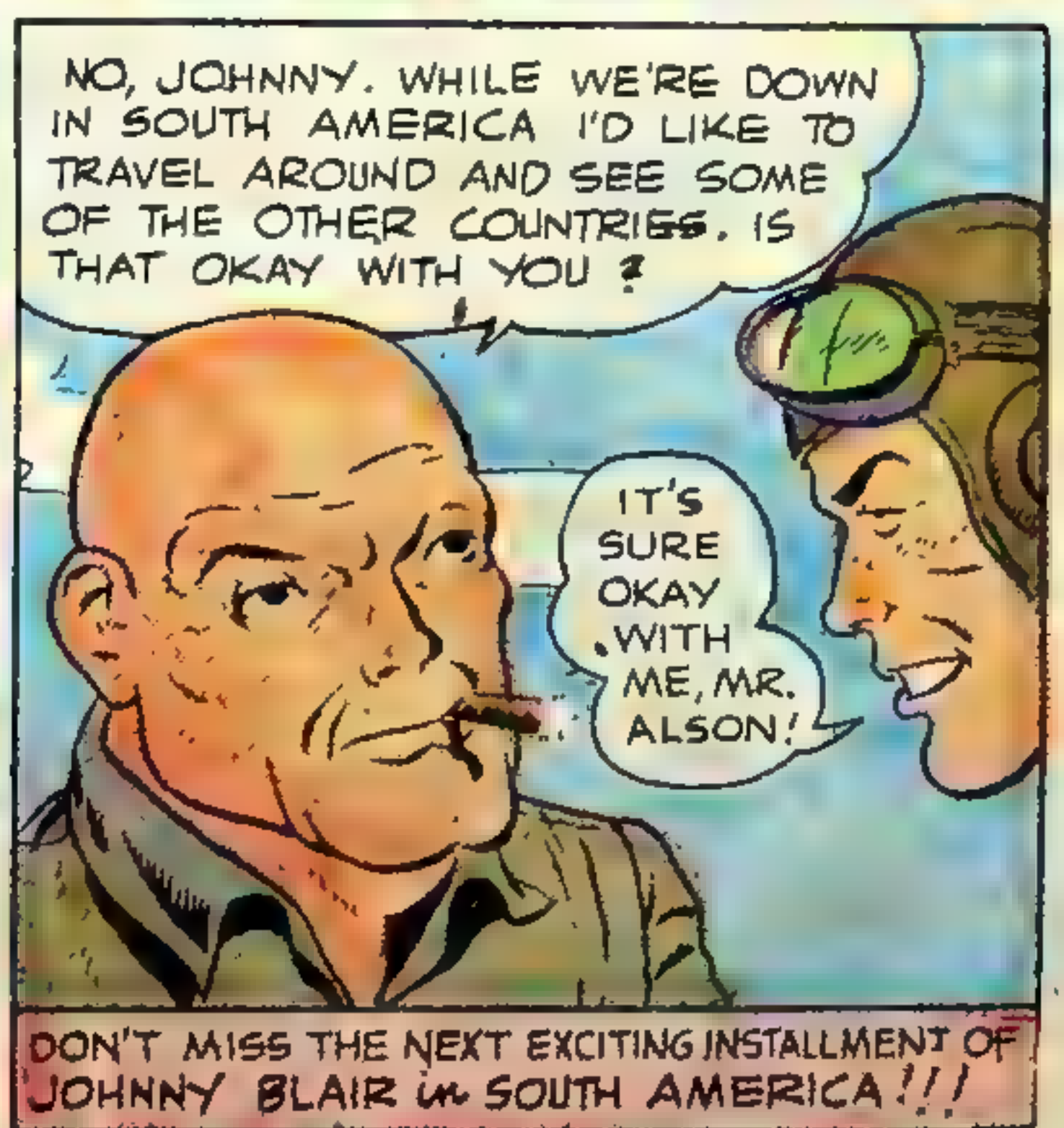
JOHNNY, YOU DID A GRAND JOB!
NOW LES AND THE MEN WILL BE
ABLE TO CONTINUE LOOKING FOR
OIL, WHILE WE TURN OVER THE
ALTECA TREASURES TO THE
LOCAL AUTHORITIES!

AND THEN,
MR. ALSON,
WE'LL HEAD
FOR THE
U.S.?



NO, JOHNNY. WHILE WE'RE DOWN
IN SOUTH AMERICA I'D LIKE TO
TRAVEL AROUND AND SEE SOME
OF THE OTHER COUNTRIES. IS
THAT OKAY WITH YOU?

IT'S
SURE
OKAY
WITH
ME, MR.
ALSON!



DON'T MISS THE NEXT EXCITING INSTALLMENT OF
JOHNNY BLAIR IN SOUTH AMERICA!!!

NO WONDER THEY CHOSE BETTY FOR CHEER LEADER!



Cheer leading's fun, but you almost have to be an acrobat like Betty to do the best job. That's where good shoes really help. They help in any active fun. Ball-Band Canvas Sport Shoes—like Betty is wearing—fit right, they're built right inside and out. They're washable, and the soles don't mark floors. Both boys and girls cheer for them. Just try on a pair! Go to the store where you see the Red Ball trade-mark.

TRADE
MARK

Look for the Red Ball in
the Store and on the Sole
of the Shoe.



Ball-Band

MISHAWAKA RUBBER & WOOLEN MFG. CO.,
MISHAWAKA, INDIANA

Ball-Band Canvas Sport
Shoes are made for both
boys and girls.

DIPPY DETOURS

THIS LOOKS LIKE
AN IDEAL SPOT
FOR A PICNIC-

IT MUST BE--
FIFTY MILLION
INSECTS CAN'T
BE WRONG!

INSECT
INSANITIES

CAN YOU IMAGINE
ANYTHING WORSE
THAN A GIRAFFE
WITH A SORE
THROAT?

YES-- A
CENTIPEDE
WITH CORNS
ON HIS FEET!

SUSAN, CAN YOU
DESCRIBE A
CATERPILLAR?

YES, MA'AM --
IT'S A
WORM WITH
A FUR
COAT!

LOOK AT THOSE
FIREFLIES-

OH, IS THAT
WHAT THEY
ARE? I WAS
AFRAID THEY WERE
MOSQUITOES
LOOKING FOR
US WITH
SEARCHLIGHTS!

JOHNNY, HOW MANY
SEXES ARE THERE?

THREE-

THREE
SEXES?

THAT'S RIGHT.
MEN, WOMEN--

--- AND
INSECTS!

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

ADVERTISEMENT

YIPES!
BOY, WHAT
SUPER BUBBLES!
GIMME
Yanks!

LOOKIT! Yanks
MAKES A BIGGER
BUBBLE!

NO KIDDIN', FELLOWS!
THOSE BUBBLES ARE
TERRIFIC...
I'M GETTING Yanks

KIDS! BE SURE YA
GET Yanks FOR
BIGGER, BETTER
BUBBLES!

HEY KIDS,
BLOW BIGGER,
BETTER
BUBBLES

Chew

Yanks.

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BUBBLE

BUBBLE GUM BUBBLE

GUM PRODUCTS, INC.
East Boston, Massachusetts

ASSIGNMENT—FLOOD

A "Red Skye" Flying Story

By Dick Kraus

*Surging waters lashed the town
The helicopter settled down
Red reached out
When he heard the shout
Of children stranded on the ground!*

RED SKYE FACED the silent circle of legislators. Now that he was really here, testifying before the public works committee of the State Senate, it was hard to know just where to begin.

"I suppose most of you gentlemen know why I'm here today." Red shuffled the papers before him and cleared his throat.

"As you know, I'm just a flier—not a politician. But I figured this was something you had to know about . . ."

He stopped; and the chairman of the committee leaned forward and asked gently, "Why don't you just tell us your story in your own words, Mr. Skye? I think that'll be the best thing."

Red smiled fleetingly.

"You're probably right, sir." His eyes moved slowly from Senator to Senator, holding each one for a moment.

"A week ago, I was in the hangar up at Richards Airport in Kingston," he said. "Mr. Richards called me into the office . . ."

RED WIPED his oil-stained hands on his grimy coveralls, and hurried into Paul Richards' office. As he stepped in, his employer nodded at a gray-haired man who was standing by the window.

"Red, do you know John Taylor?"

The red-headed pilot extended his hand.

"If you're the guy who took all those war photographs, I've heard a lot about you," he said.

"He's the one," Paul Richards smiled. "And he's got a new job, that he can use your help on. John, tell him what it's all about."

The photographer pointed a thumb at the window. Outside, the rain was coming down in a steady, relentless sheet, blanketing the airfield and the countryside. Overhead, thick gray clouds blotted out the skies, and underfoot, the rain gathered into pools everywhere.

"That's what it's about," John Taylor said grimly. "Rain—and the flood that's going to result."

"This has been going on for five days," the cameraman went on. "I'd like to get some newsreel shots of it, but no one will take me up in a regular plane. Too risky, they say."

Red nodded.

"I'd hate to, myself. But how about a helicopter?"

"That's what I was going to ask you," John Taylor said, nodding his gray head. "In a 'copter, we could probably move slow enough and get close enough to the ground to get some good shots, without much risk. Right?"

"Right," Red agreed. "If you want me to tackle it, we've got a Bell Model 47 in the hangar. She'll be ready to go in twenty minutes."

"Long enough for me to load up my film," the photographer said. "Let's get started."

Twenty minutes later, they clambered into the helicopter, out on the rain-teeming airstrip. Red checked the controls, then started the six-cylinder Franklin engine. Slowly, then faster and faster the two-bladed rotor props began to revolve over the plane.

As the 'copter rose in the air, Red turned to John Taylor.

"Where to, Mister?" he asked. "It's your party."

Taylor pointed to a crumpled map in his hand.

"Let's head for Cotton Valley," he said. "That's where the worst trouble is going to be. The Valley Dam went out this morning, and the Kingston River is topping her flood walls right now."

In silence, Red turned the helicopter in the direction Taylor had suggested. As he piloted the plane through the buffeting gusts of wind and rain, he watched the photographer from the corner of his eye. Intense, with a lined forehead and incisive eyes, Taylor watched through the plexiglass, his hands constantly fidgeting with the movie camera. He seemed almost like a bird dog, pointing a grouse, eager to flush it.

Suddenly he pointed off in the distance.

"That bridge! Let's go down and take some shots of it. I think it's going to cave in."

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

Red flew the helicopter as low as he dared, while Taylor filmed the wave-lashed bridge. As they watched, and as the camera ground away, the underpinnings of the bridge slowly began to yield to the flood's pressure. Then its concrete structure crumbled and, with a great cascade, the whole bridge collapsed into the water.

"Just a sample," Taylor said grimly. "Let's keep going . . ."

In the next half hour, Red took the helicopter over every conceivable sort of scene. Farms being swept away, relief workers carrying families to safety, livestock being borne downstream—all the pitiful human and animal victims of a flood.

"Not much left, Mr. Taylor," Red said. "Want to keep going?"

"Yes, let's keep going," Taylor nodded. "I don't want to miss anything!"

"How come you're shooting this much film?" Red asked. "You've got twice as much as you'd need for a newsreel."

Intent on filming a barn that was passing underneath, the photographer did not answer for a moment. When he did, his voice was strangely quiet.

"Because I've always been interested in this kind of thing, Red. When I was a combat photographer, I never shot the big things, the heroes. I always took pictures of the little guy in trouble—the G.I.'s who were suffering without fanfares. Same thing before the war. I took pictures of the Okies, the sharecroppers, people in fires, in droughts."

He shifted the camera for a moment.

"And this flood is the same thing. But this time I'm hoping I can do more. For years the state legislature has put off building a real series of dams and breakwaters that would prevent floods. I'm hoping that when we show this film, it'll create enough public pressure so they'll have to move—do something for the good of the people..."

Suddenly Taylor's voice broke off and he pointed excitedly downstream.

"Look there, Red. On the ridge-pole of that drifting barn. It's, it's—"

As the helicopter sped down toward the little tow-haired children that waved up frantically, Taylor filmed the scene. There was no boat or house or hill in the distance; only the floating barn, with the three children on the ridge-pole barely clear of the onrushing waters.

"Can we signal help for them some way?" Taylor asked excitedly. "Look, that little one almost fell into the water just then!"

"Not a chance! No time," Red set his jaw. "There's only one way! We'll have to go down and get them."

Slowly, carefully, he let the helicopter

down, till it was only a few feet above the slowly drifting structure. The little children, all of them less than ten years old, tried to reach up to the plane's landing gear. They couldn't quite make it.

"Here, I'll get down there and hand them up." Taylor opened the door and descended to the roof. In a moment, he had reached up with the youngest child, and Red had helped the youngster in.

In another moment, he had helped the second up. But now the cabin was fairly full.

"Got room for another?" Taylor shouted up against the tumult of the raging waters.

"We'll make room," Red called down. "Get him up!"

The last boy was the biggest of the lot, a sobbing bedraggled lad. They barely managed to cram him into the cabin of the Model 47.

"Now you've got them all!" Taylor shouted up, making a V-signal.

"But what about you?" Red demanded.

Taylor's upturned face was half-hidden by the lashing storm and the side of the plane, but Red could see him smile.

"I'll be okay," he shouted. "Get those kids to safety and then you can come back after me!"

There was no choice. Red Skye began to close the door, but, before it locked, he heard Taylor's cry, "And Red—take care of those films. They're good. I want people to see them!"

Then the helicopter rose in the air, and headed for the nearest relief station . . .

RED FACED the Senate Committee.

"Maybe you know the rest of the story," he said. "They never found John Taylor. That barn probably went under—and he went with it."

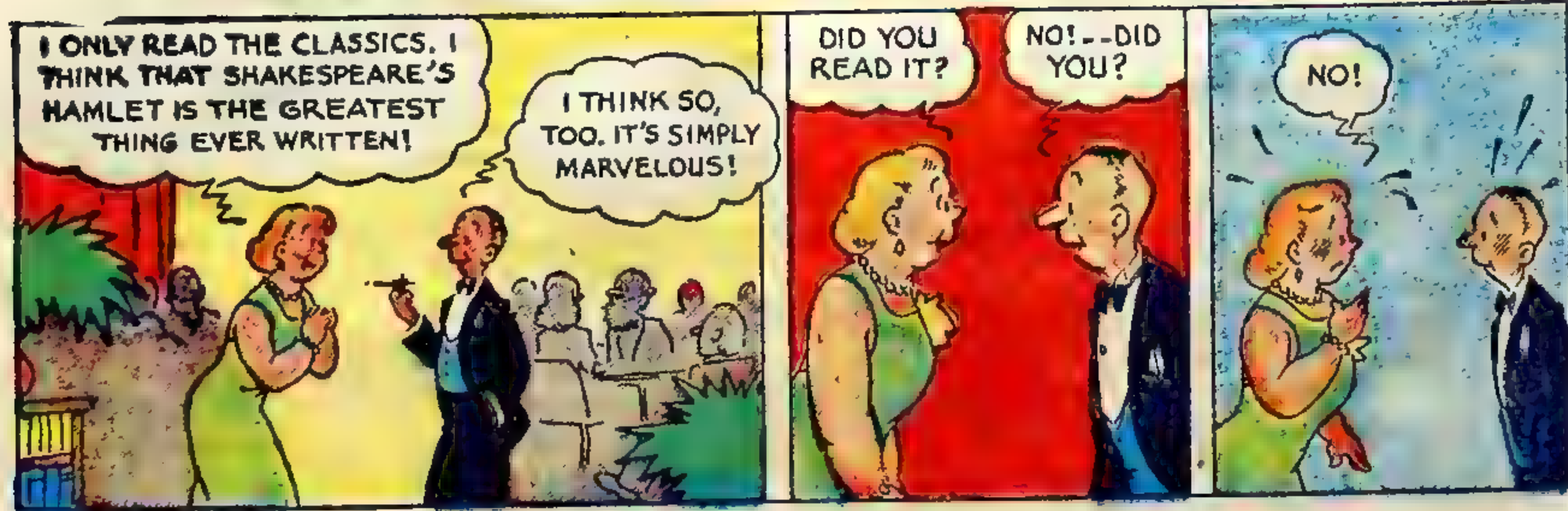
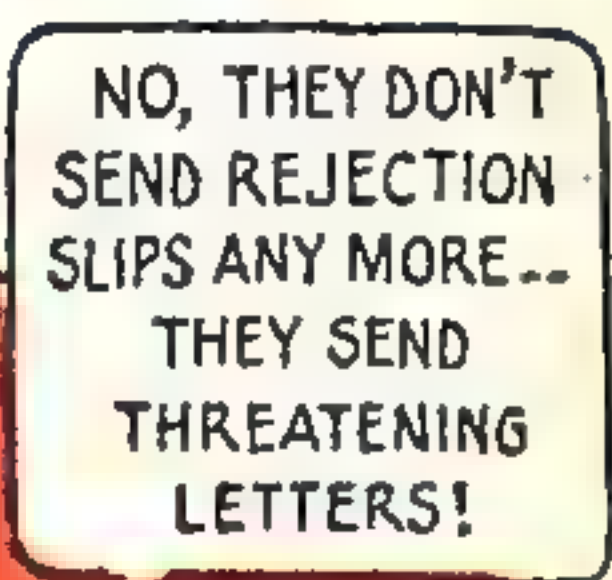
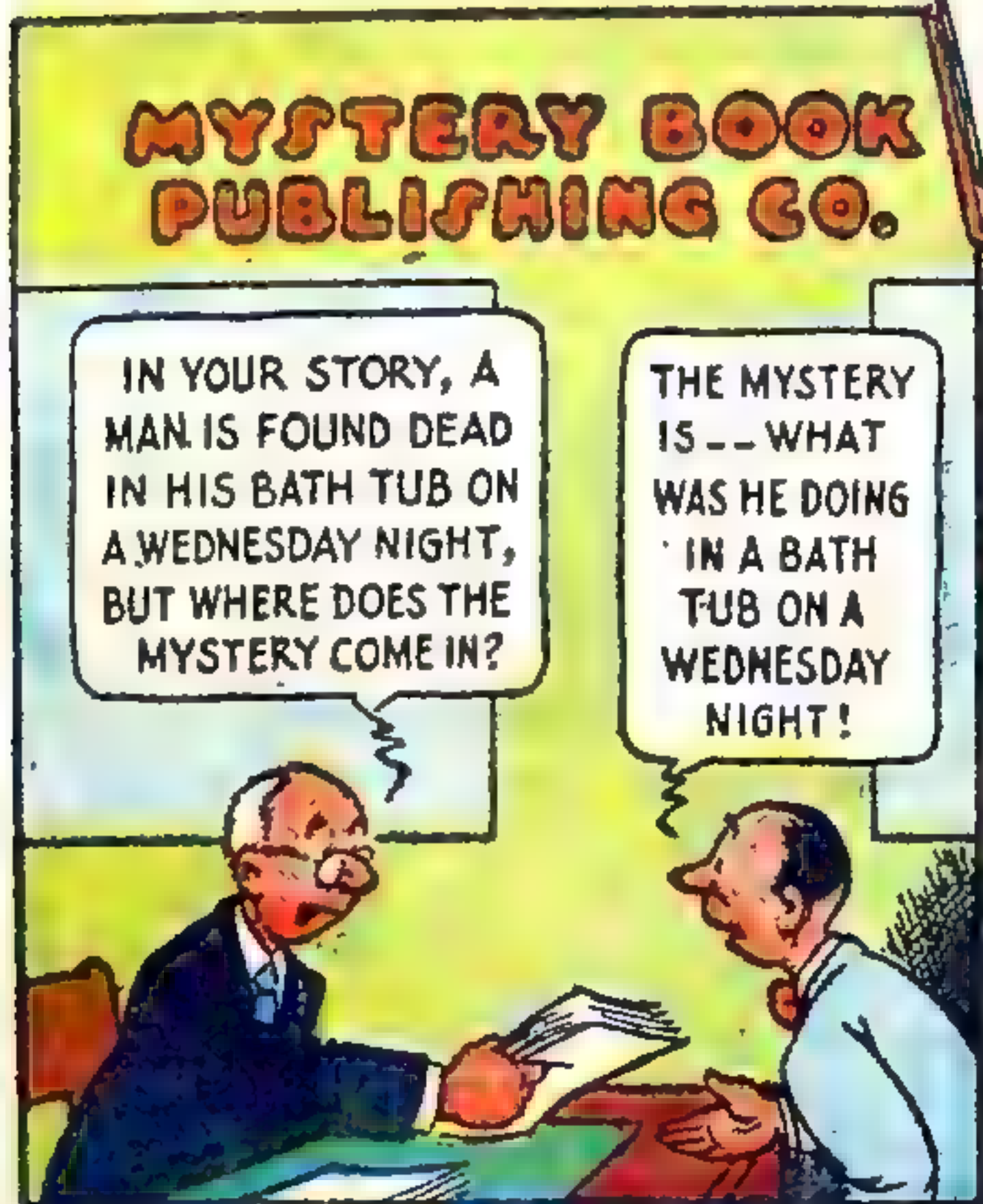
"I didn't know the guy for long," the pilot said. "But I liked him. And I thought you gentlemen would like to know how . . . and why . . . he died."

THERE WAS SILENCE for a moment, and then the Senators turned toward each other. They spoke seriously and gravely for several minutes. Then the chairman turned back toward Red.

"We're glad you came here to tell us about Taylor," the legislator said. "As you may have known, since this last flood, we've prepared an emergency bill for a flood control system that will prevent any future disasters."

"After your story," the Senator went on, "this Committee is going to give its full attention to pushing that bill through at top speed. And, we have just agreed that a fitting name for the dam will be . . . the John Taylor Project!"

WHIPPERSNAPPERS!

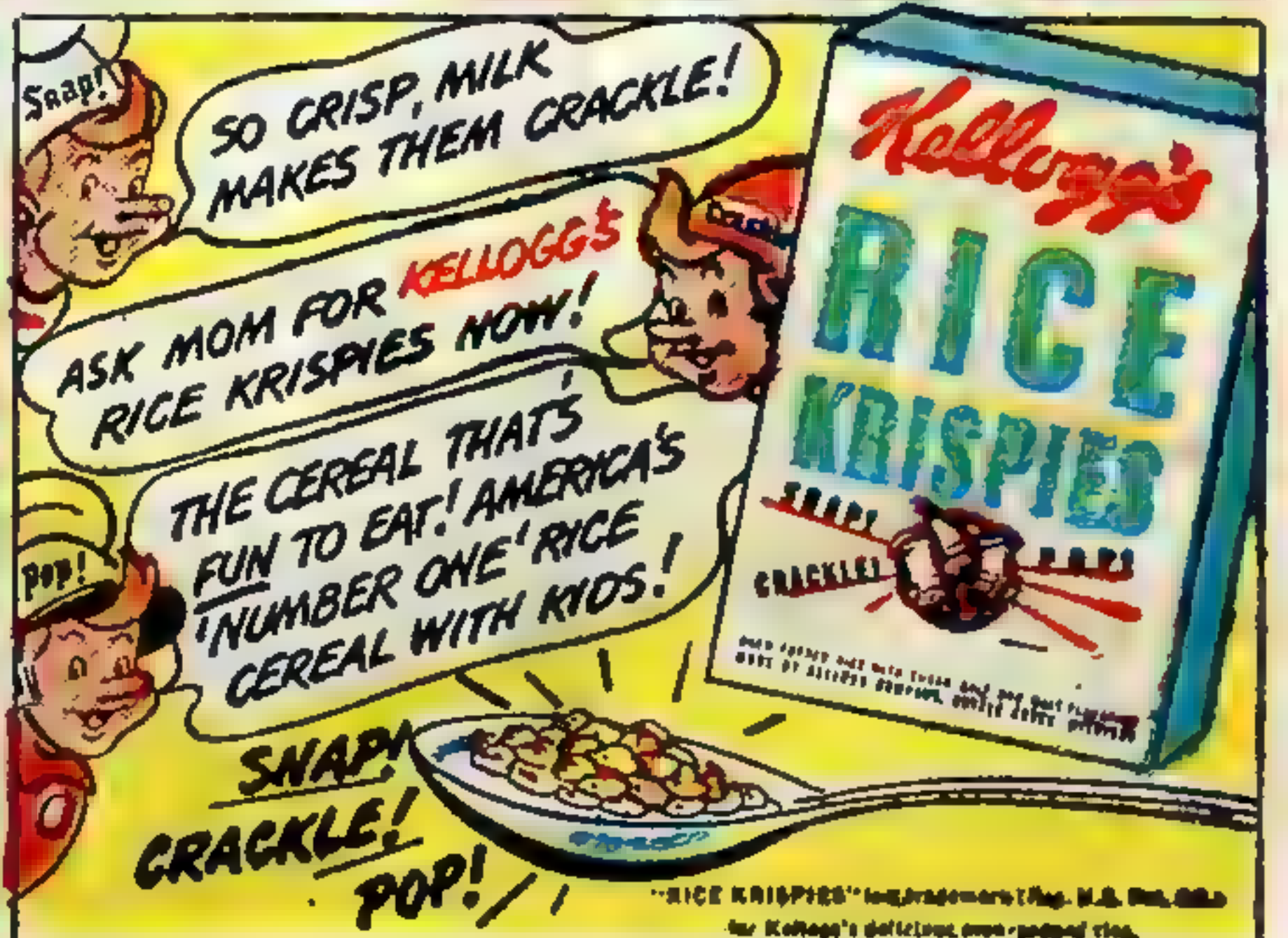
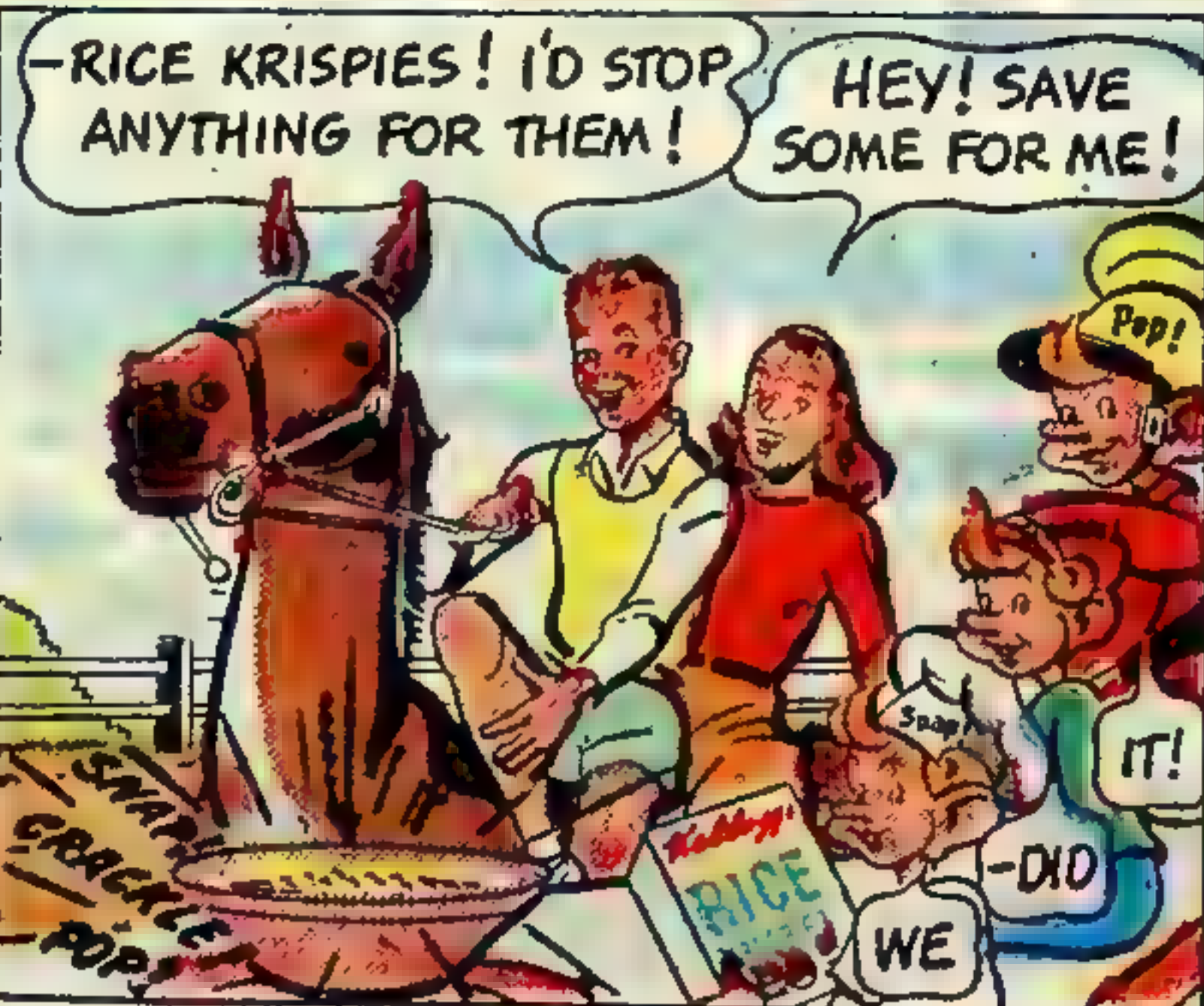
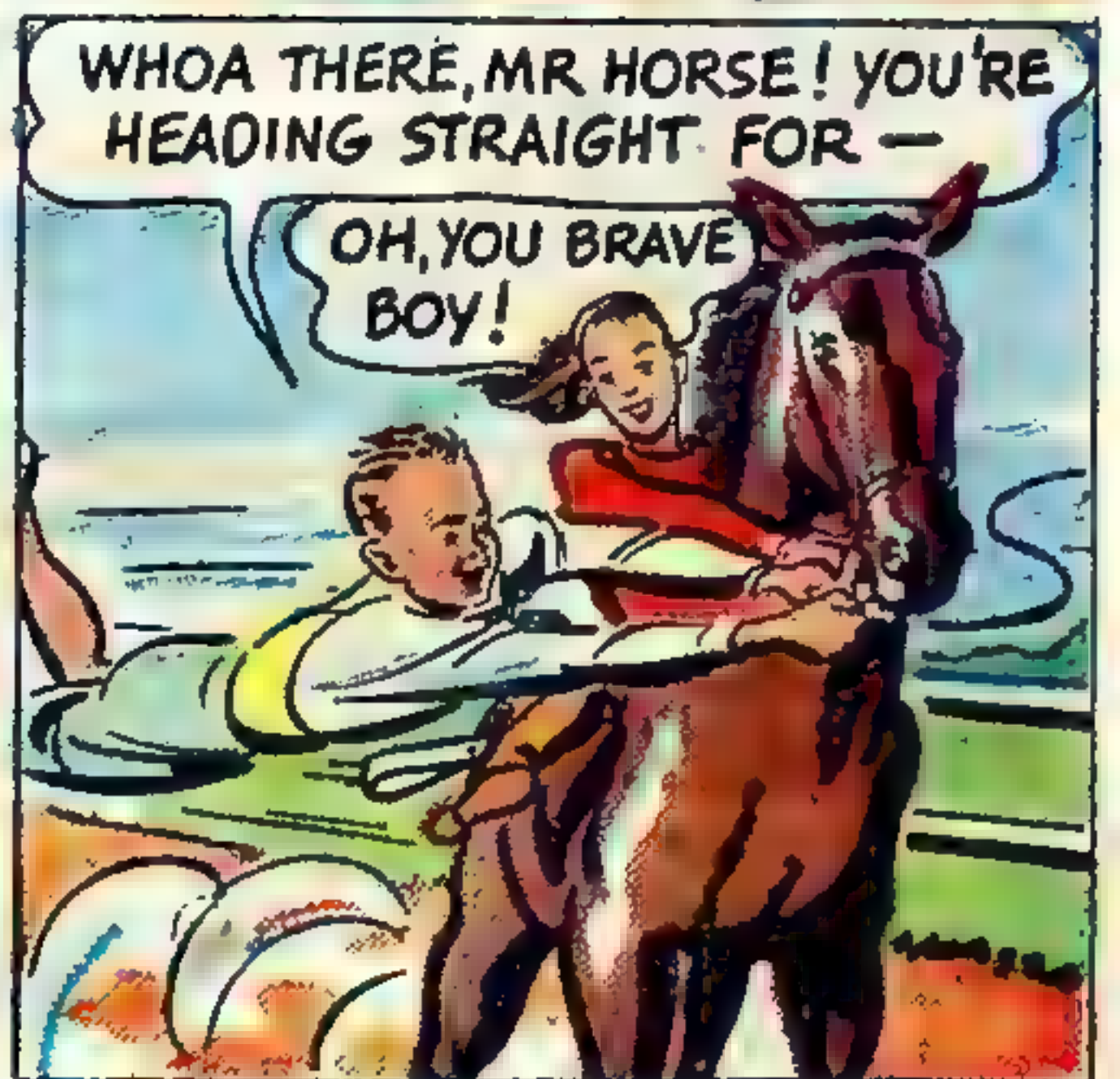
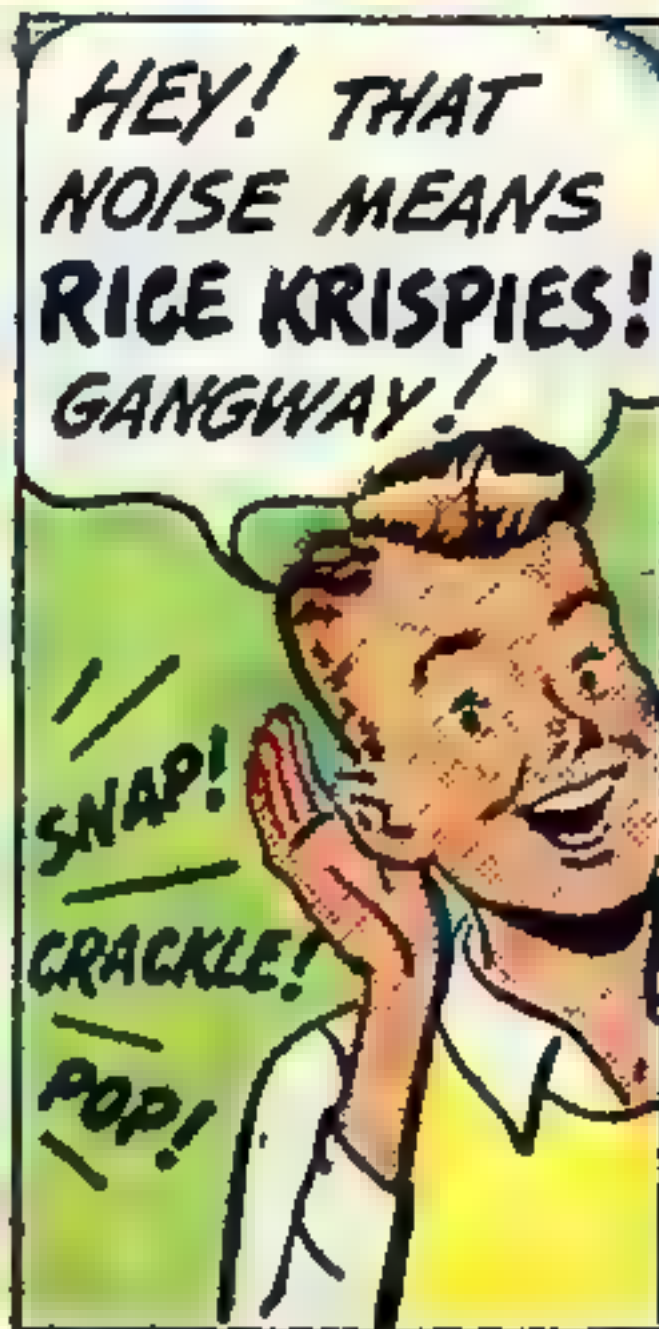
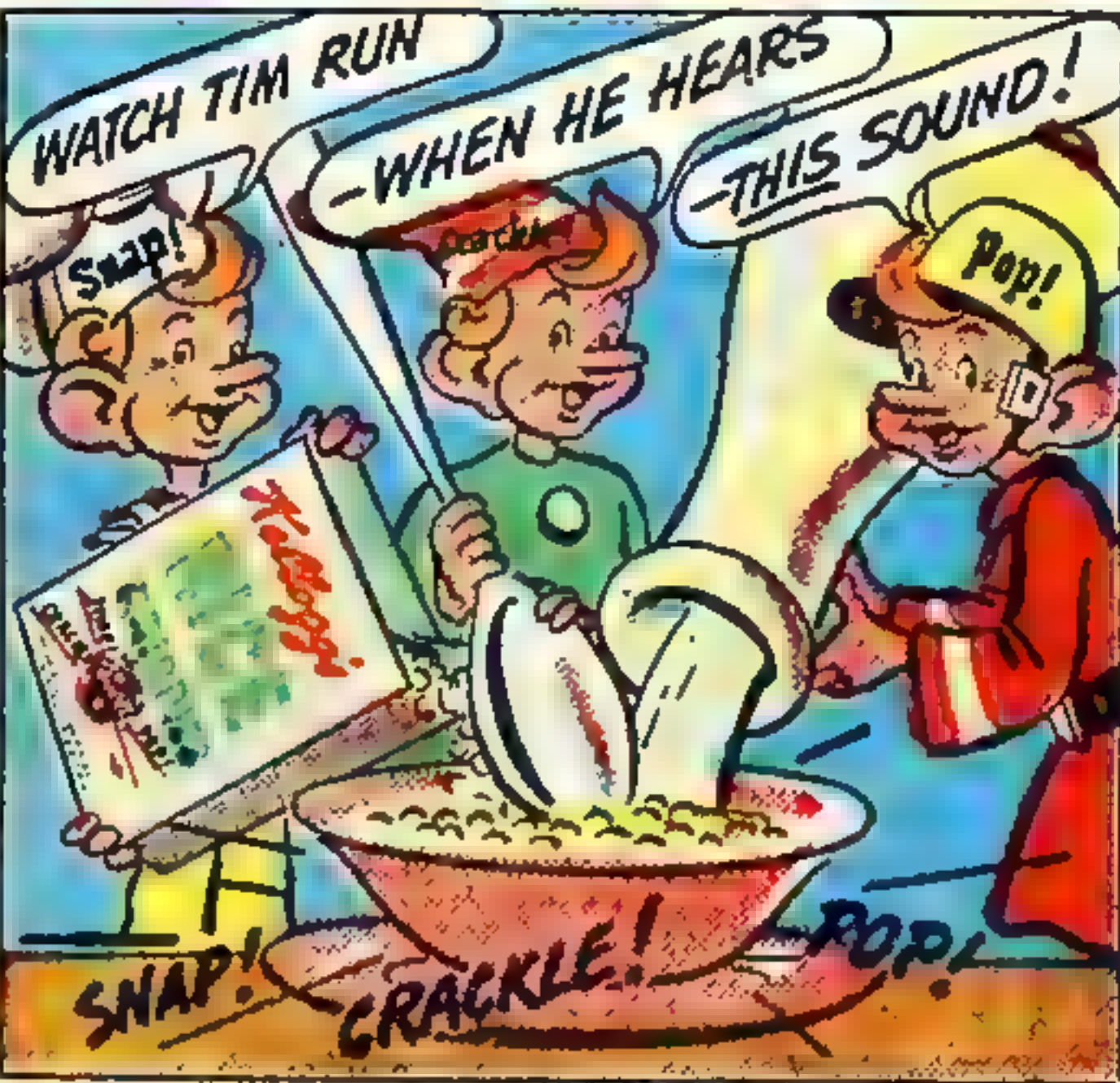
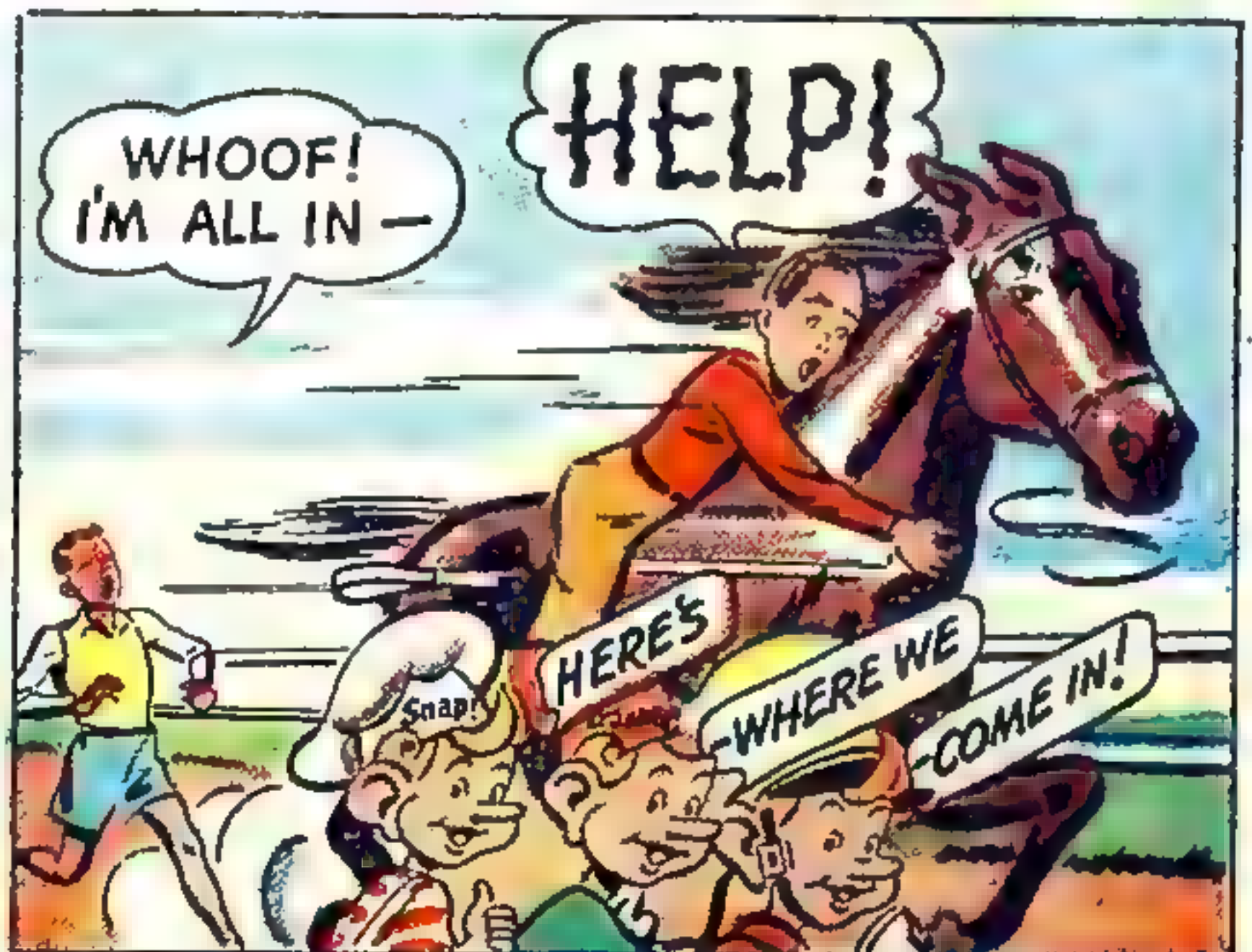
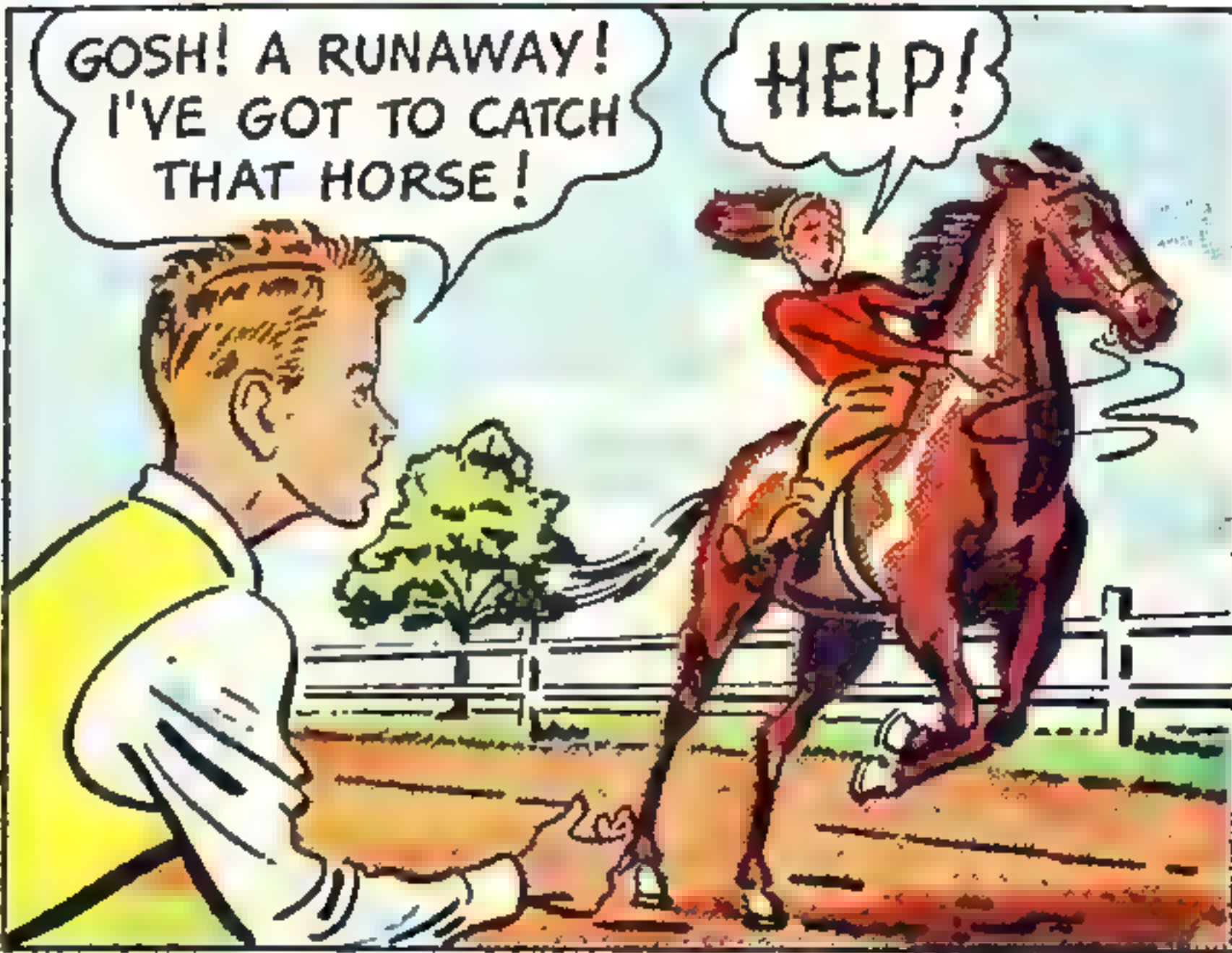
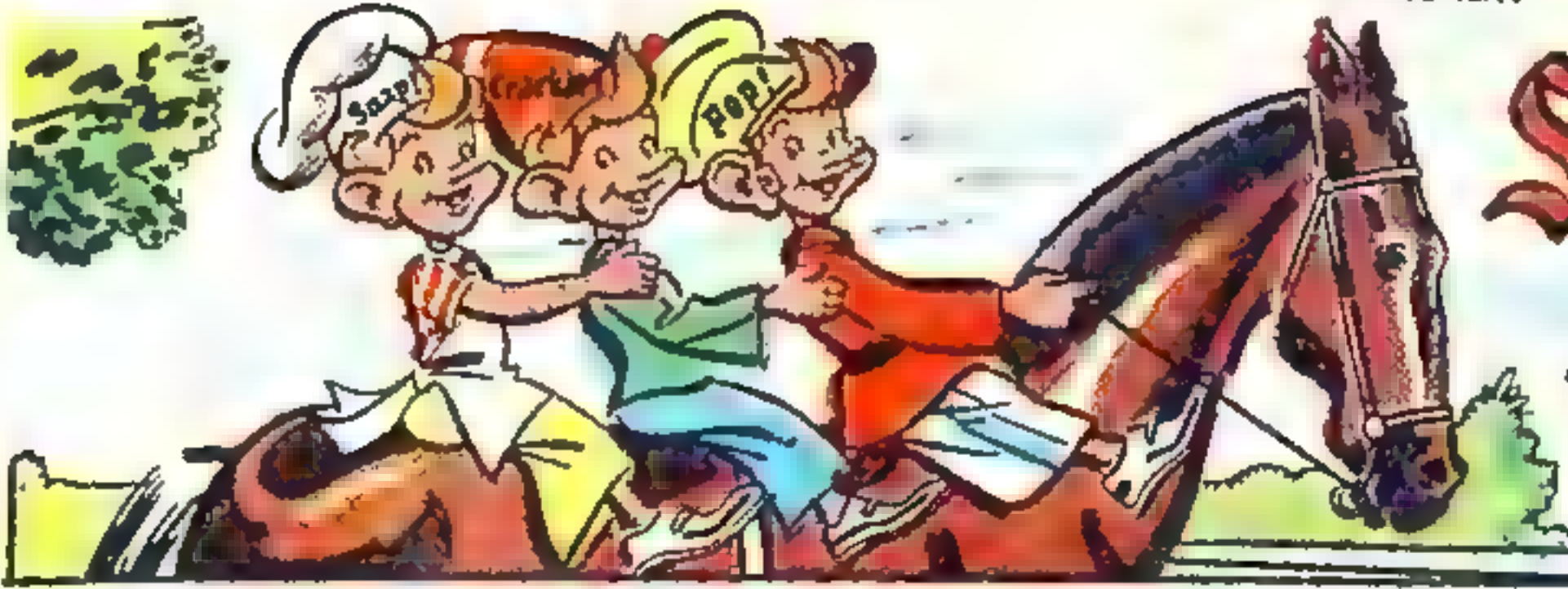


CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

ADVERTISEMENT

Snap! Crackle! and Pop!

Help Tim Halt a Runaway





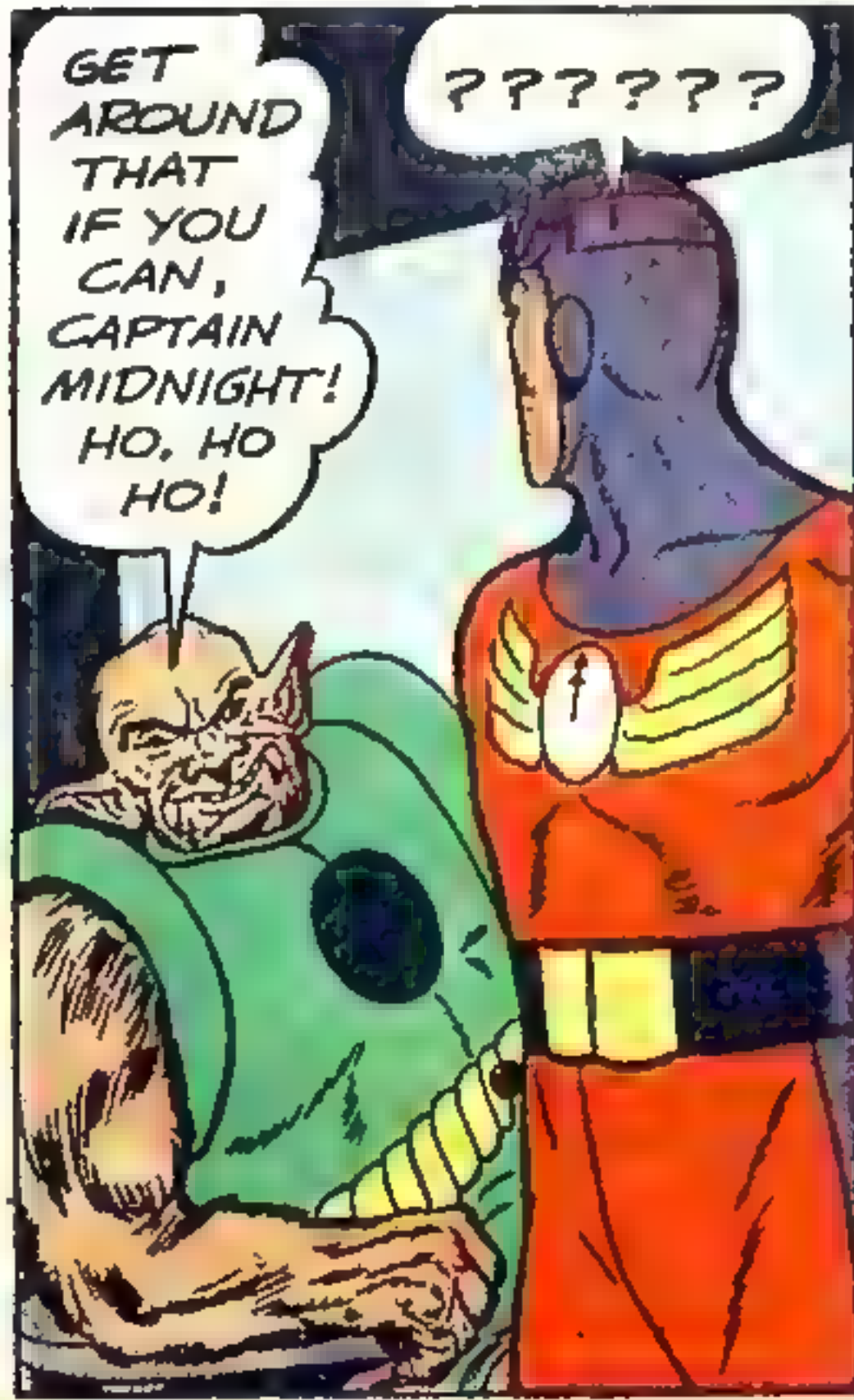
JAGGA, THE SPACE RAIDER, ON TRIAL FOR HIS LIFE!
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT, WHO CAPTURED THIS INHUMAN FIEND, IS STAR WITNESS FOR PROSECUTION!



CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



YES, BUT THIS COURT HAS GIVEN ME PERMISSION TO BE MY OWN DEFENSE ATTORNEY, AND THIS IS MY PLEA---I AM NOT A HUMAN BEING! THEREFORE YOUR LAWS DO NOT APPLY TO ME!

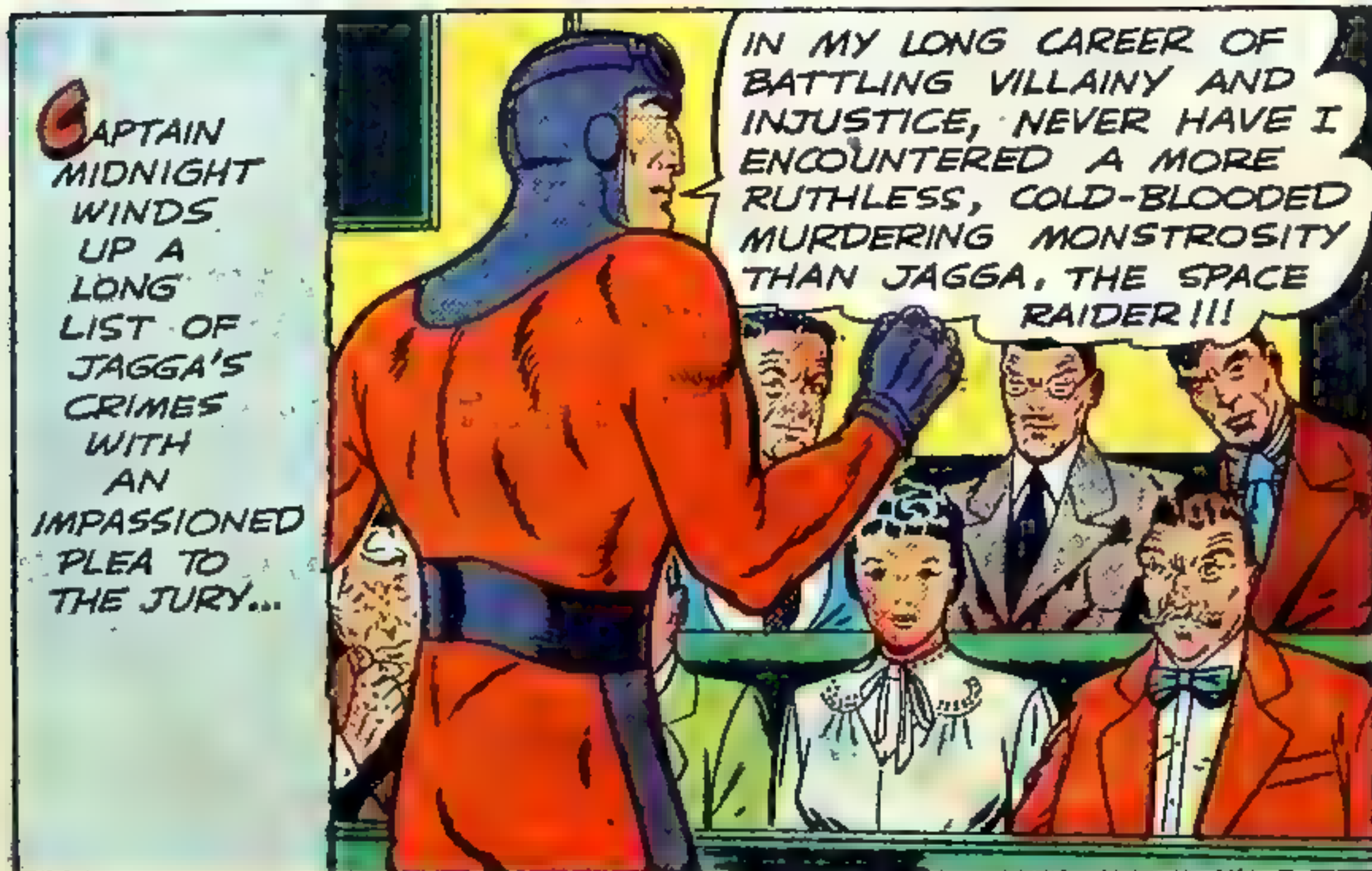


GET AROUND THAT IF YOU CAN, CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT! HO, HO HO!

???????

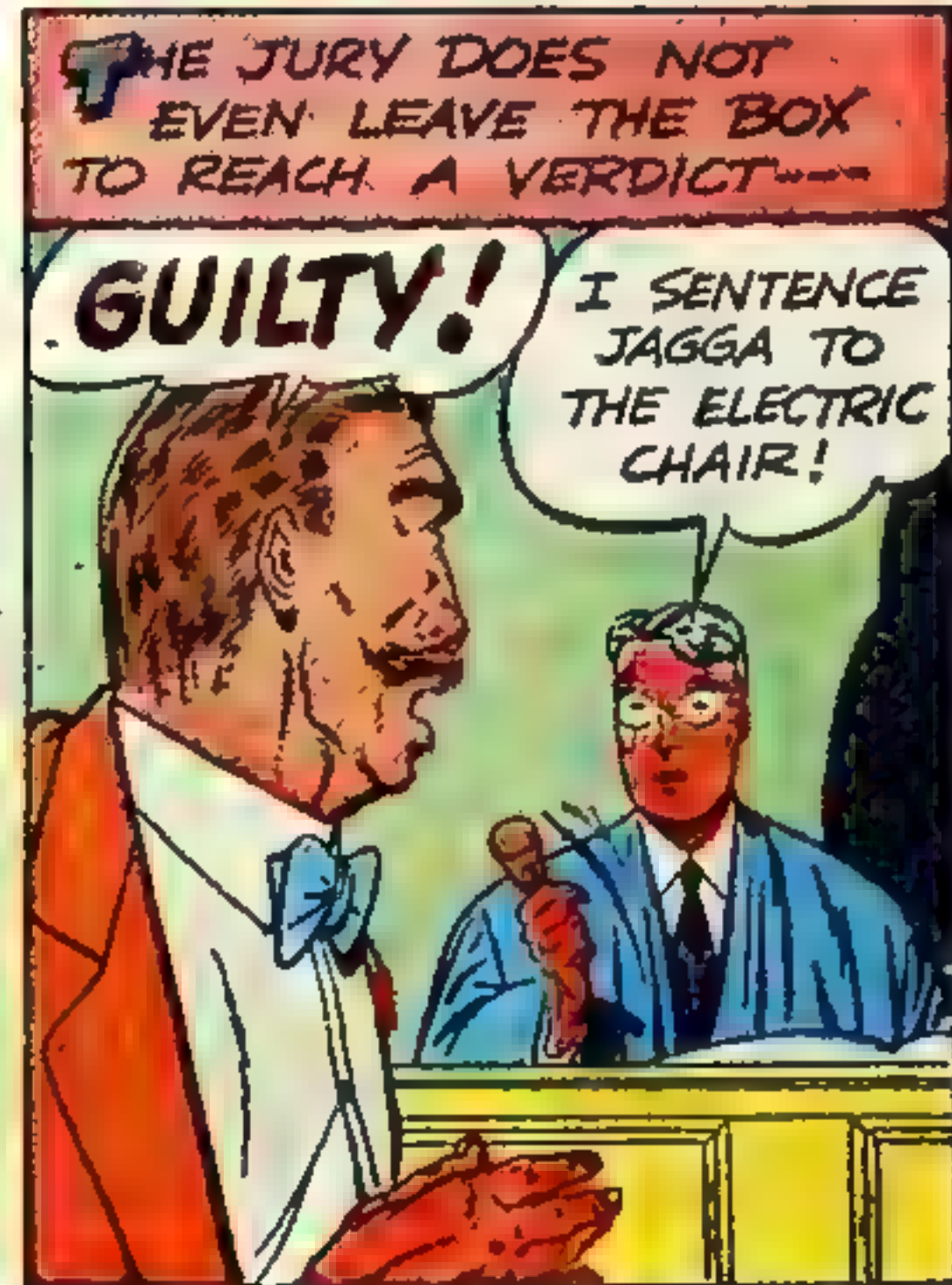


BUT HUMAN LIFE HAS BEEN TAKEN BY YOU, JAGGA! WE HAVE LAWS HERE ON EARTH FOR CONVICTING EVEN A DOG FOR DELIBERATELY TAKING A HUMAN LIFE! YOU HAVE COMMITTED HIDEOUS CRIMES AGAINST HUMANITY AND CIVILIZATION! YOU CAN'T WORM OUT OF PUNISHMENT BY THAT TECHNICALITY!



CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT WINDS UP A LONG LIST OF JAGGA'S CRIMES WITH AN IMPASSIONED PLEA TO THE JURY...

IN MY LONG CAREER OF BATTLING VILLAINY AND INJUSTICE, NEVER HAVE I ENCOUNTERED A MORE RUTHLESS, COLD-BLOODED MURDERING MONSTROSITY THAN JAGGA, THE SPACE RAIDER!!!



THE JURY DOES NOT EVEN LEAVE THE BOX TO REACH A VERDICT---

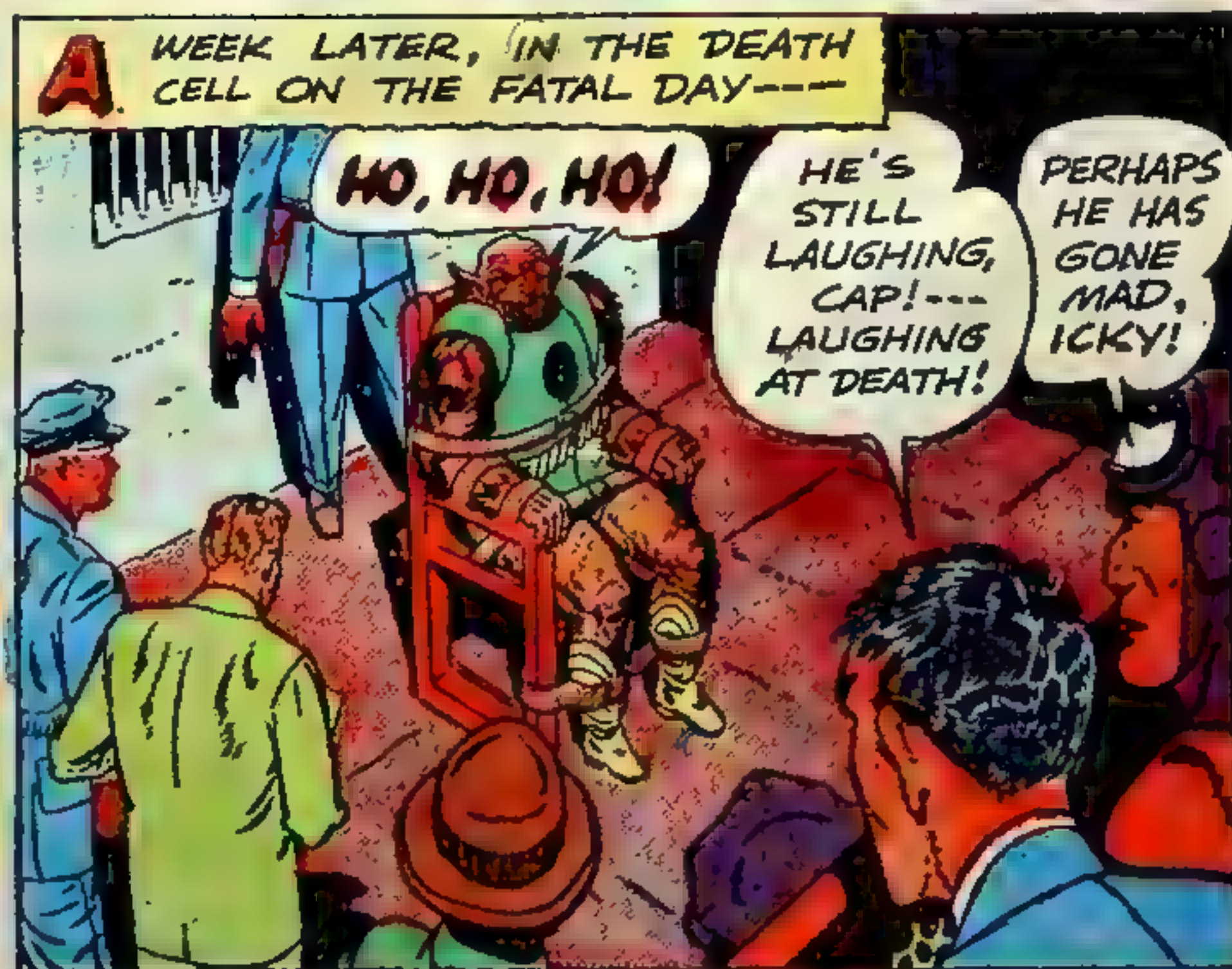
GUILTY!

I SENTENCE JAGGA TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!



THE ELECTRIC CHAIR? EH? HO, HO, HO, HO!

YOU WON'T LAUGH WHEN YOU ARE STRAPPED IN!



A WEEK LATER, IN THE DEATH CELL ON THE FATAL DAY---

HO, HO, HO!

HE'S STILL LAUGHING, CAP!--- LAUGHING AT DEATH!

PERHAPS HE HAS GONE MAD, ICKY!

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

THE ZERO HOUR AND...

HERE'S THE END OF JAGGA, THANK HEAVEN! THIS IS THE FIRST EXECUTION I'VE EVER ENJOYED!

BUT AN AMAZING THING HAPPENS---JAGGA KEEPS ON LAUGHING!

HO, HO, HO!

GASP! HE DIDN'T DIE! GIVE HIM MORE JUICE!

BUT TEN MINUTES LATER!

HO, HO! FOOLS---IDIOTS! YOU CAN'T KILL ME WITH MERE ELECTRICITY! MY BODY CAN WITHSTAND ANY ELECTRICAL CHARGE! WHAT'S MORE, ELECTRICITY GIVES THE CREATURES OF PLUTO ADDED STRENGTH!

HEY!

SEE? HOW EASILY I BURST THESE STRAPS? OUT OF MY WAY!

OOF!

WITH MANIACAL STRENGTH, MIRACULOUSLY AUGMENTED BY THE ELECTRICITY, JAGGA CANNOT BE STOPPED!

BIFF

NOT EVEN YOU CAN STOP ME NOW, CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!

I CAN EVEN MAKE A MIGHTY LEAP TO THE TOP OF THE PRISON WALL!

BANG!
BANG!

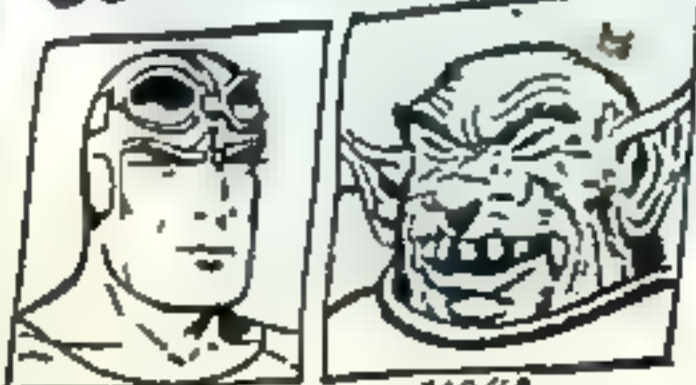
HO, HO! I'M FREE AGAIN! HO, HO, HO!

The Daily Laboratory

JAGGA AT LARGE!

INTENSE MAN-HUNT FAILS TO LOCATE THE CONDEMNED KILLER!

JAGGA'S SPACE SHIP IS AT CAPT. ALBRIGHT'S NEVADA LABORATORY FOR STUDY



CAPT. MIDNIGHT JAGGA

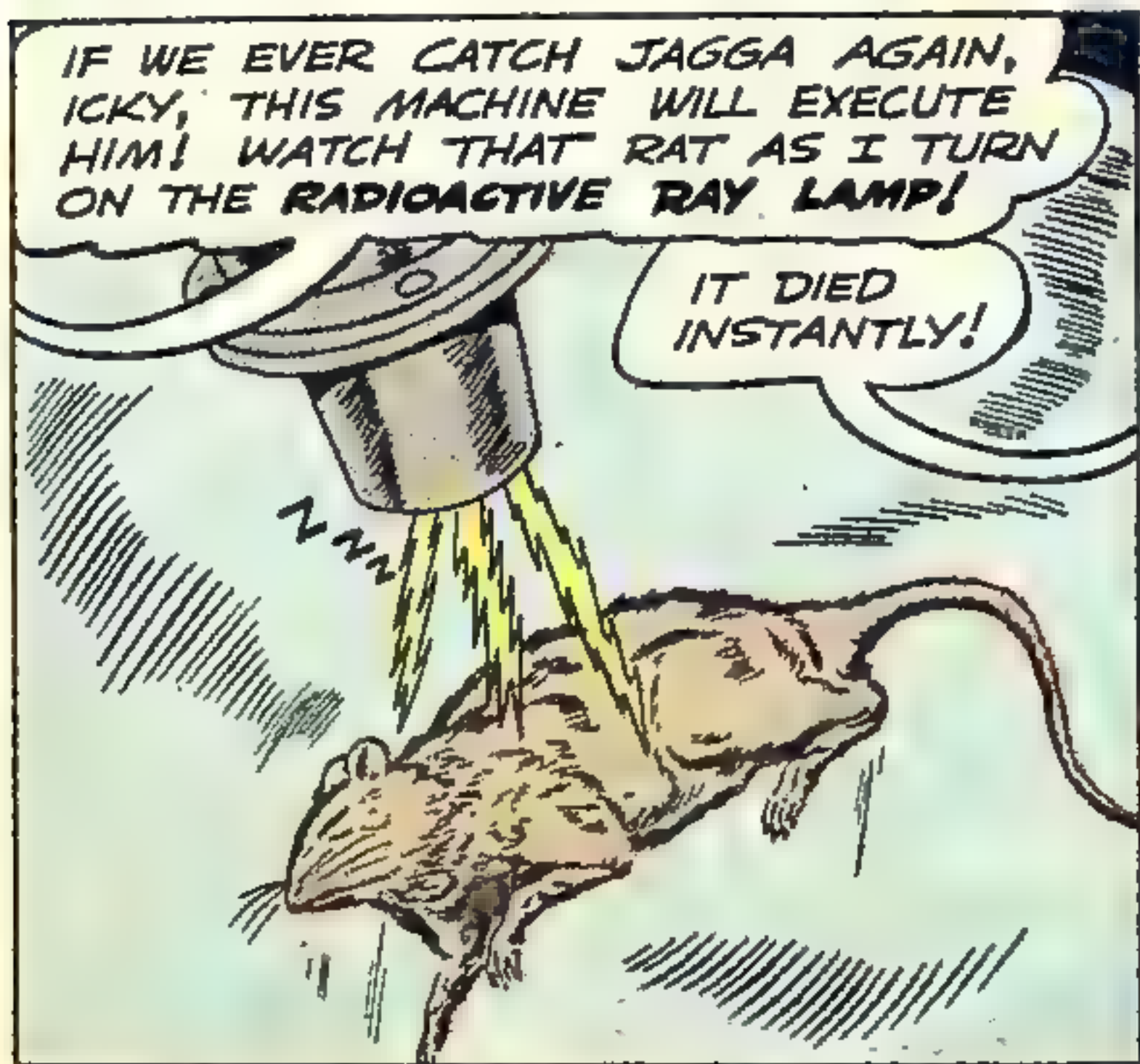
LATER, AT HIS NEVADA PLACE, CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT COMPLETES A STRANGE NEW INVENTION -- A METAL TUB SURMOUNTED BY AN ELECTRONIC DEVICE...



DONE!

BUT WHAT IS IT, CAP? YOU'VE BEEN MIGHTY MYSTERIOUS ABOUT IT!

IF WE EVER CATCH JAGGA AGAIN, ICKY, THIS MACHINE WILL EXECUTE HIM! WATCH THAT RAT AS I TURN ON THE RADIOACTIVE RAY LAMP!



IT DIED INSTANTLY!

ALL RIGHT, CAP! YOU'VE GOT A WAY NOW TO EXECUTE JAGGA! BUT HOW DO WE GET HIM?

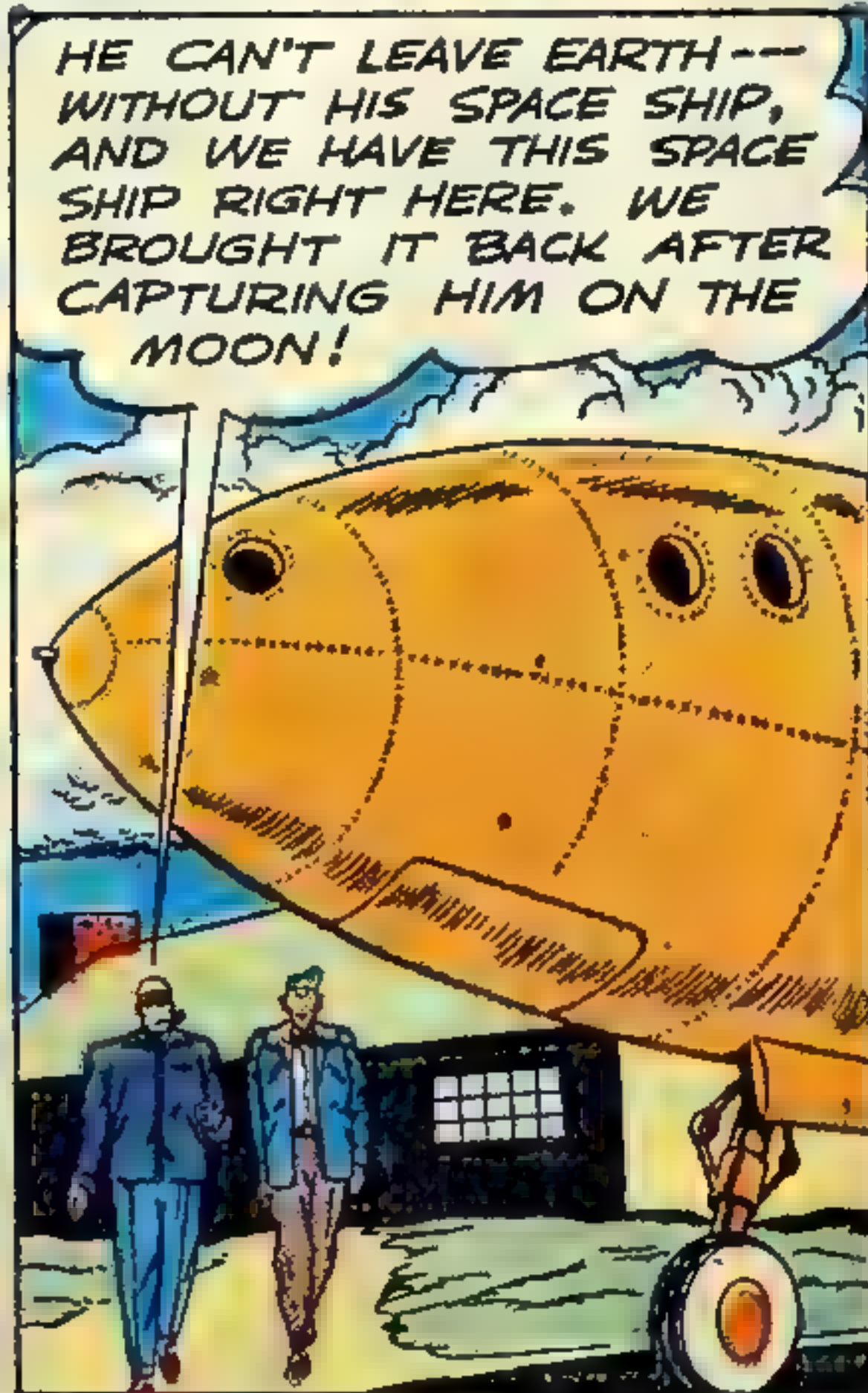
YES, THAT IS A TOUGH PROBLEM!



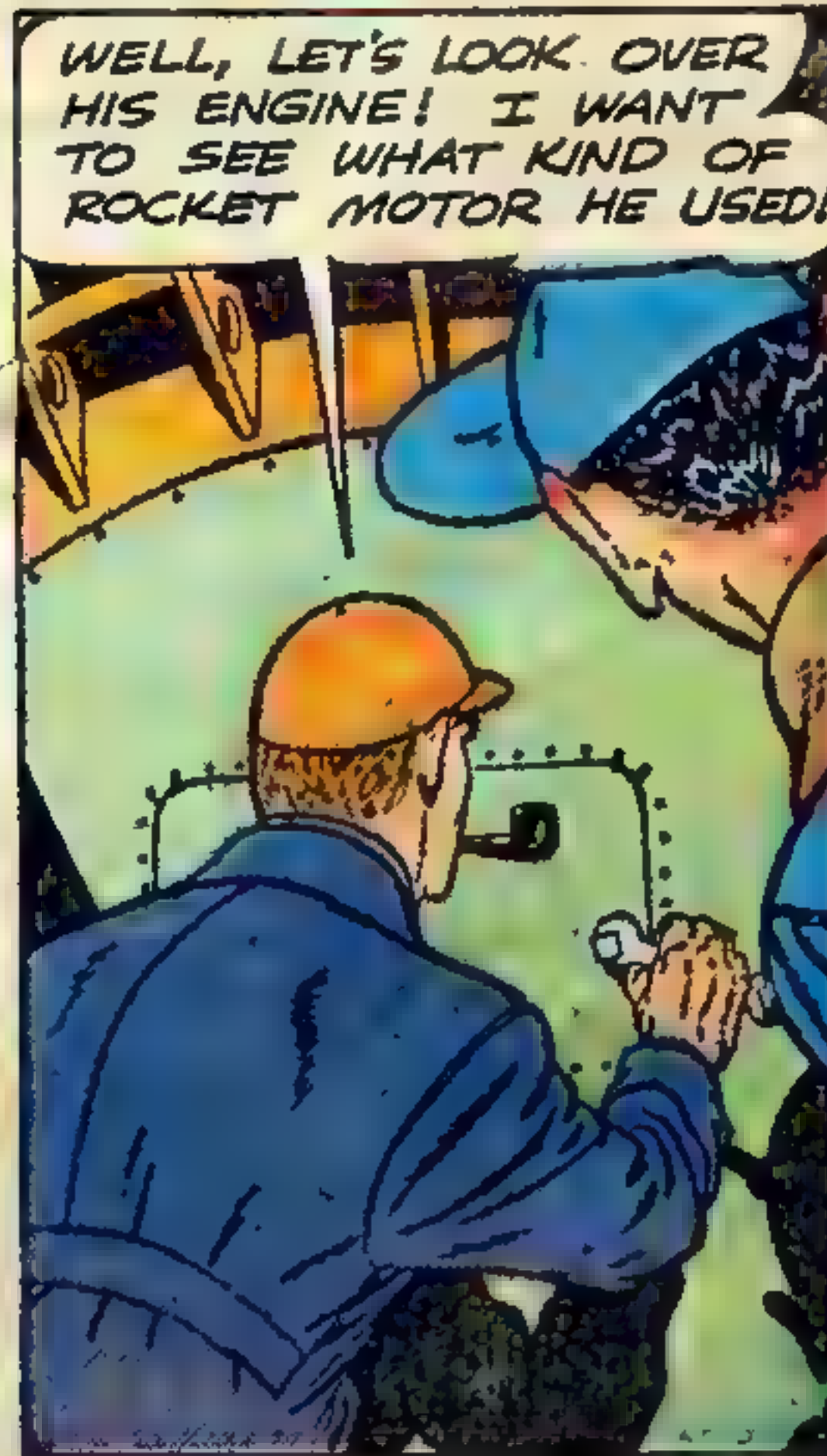
I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR JAGGA TO TIP HIS HAND SO WE COULD GET AFTER HIM! BUT THERE HASN'T BEEN A SIGN OF HIM FOR TWO WEEKS!



HE CAN'T LEAVE EARTH -- WITHOUT HIS SPACE SHIP, AND WE HAVE THIS SPACE SHIP RIGHT HERE. WE BROUGHT IT BACK AFTER CAPTURING HIM ON THE MOON!



WELL, LET'S LOOK OVER HIS ENGINE! I WANT TO SEE WHAT KIND OF ROCKET MOTOR HE USED!



CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

MEANWHILE, HAVING READ THE NEWSPAPERS, JAGGA ARRIVES AT THE NEVADA LABORATORY!

MY SPACE SHIP! JUST WHAT I WANT --- TO ESCAPE FROM EARTH ENTIRELY! DO I HEAR SOMEONE INSIDE?

HMMM! SEEMS TO USE A TRIFOIL DRIVE IN THE THIRD ROCKET STAGE!

I'LL GET RID OF THESE TWO FOOLS AND THE SHIP IS MINE!

WHUD!

THUD!

OUT WITH THIS HUMAN GARBAGE!

HEY! WHAT'S WRONG? WHY DOESN'T THE MOTOR START?

MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE THE STALLED SPACE SHIP, CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT AND ICKY REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS...

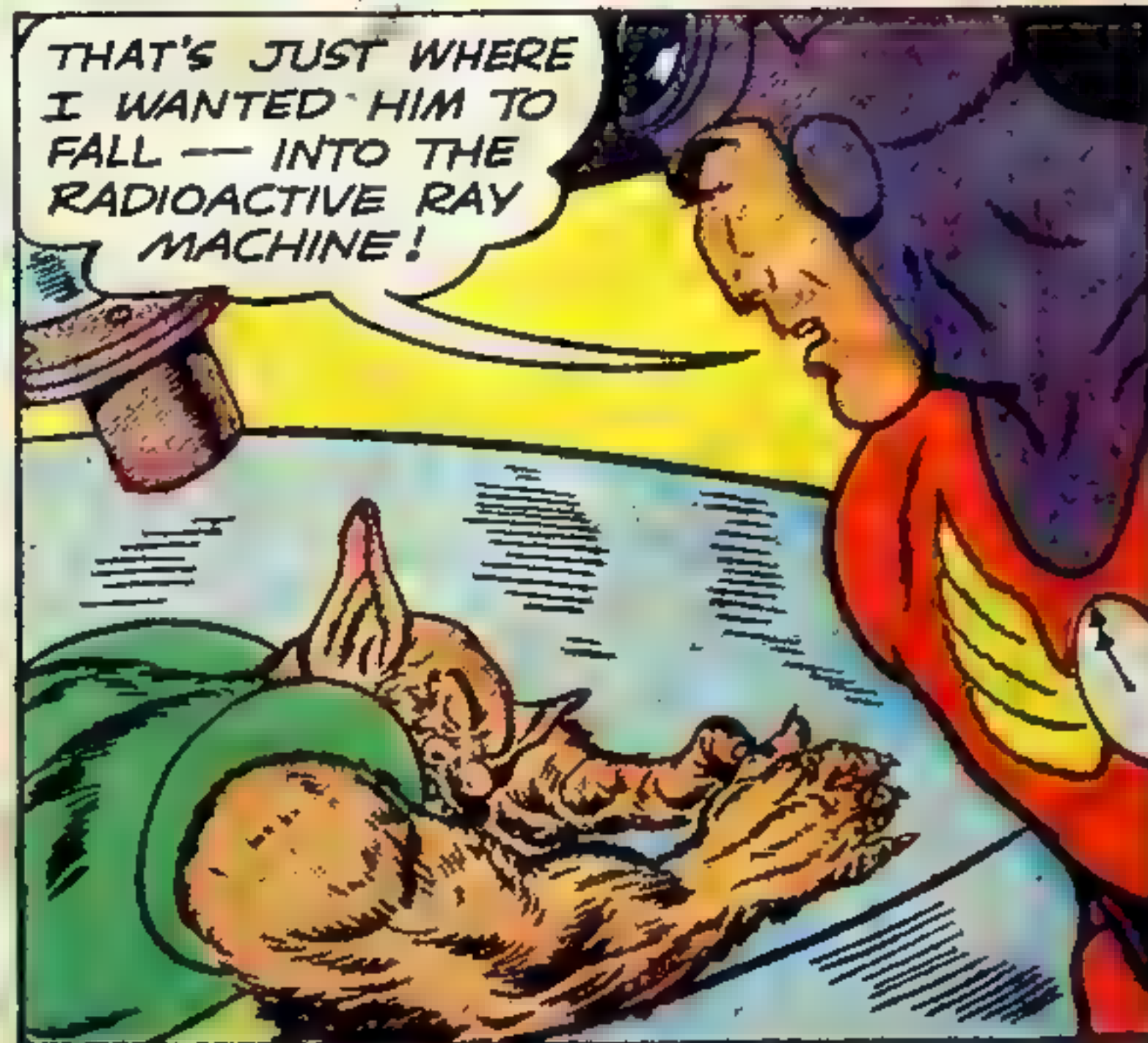
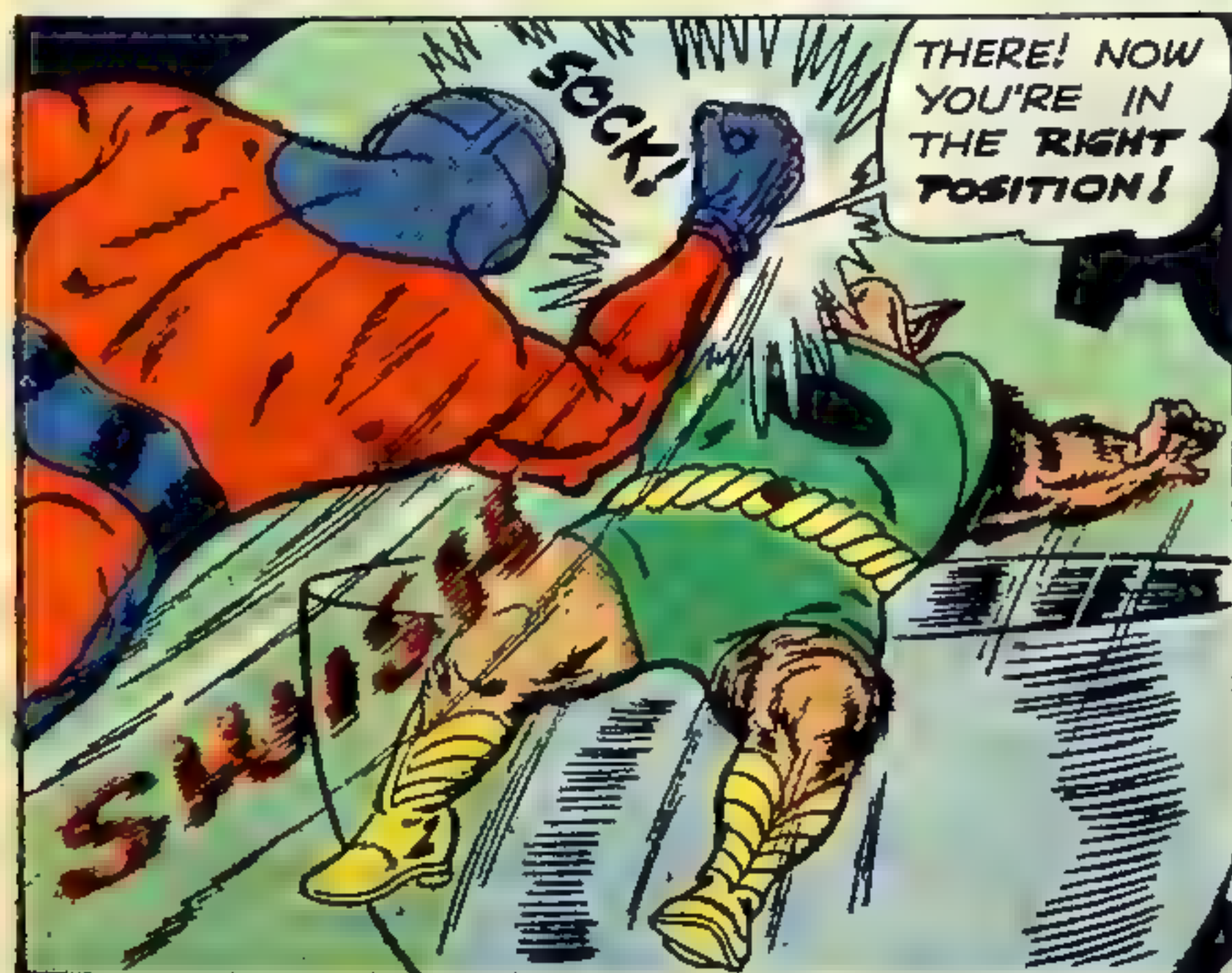
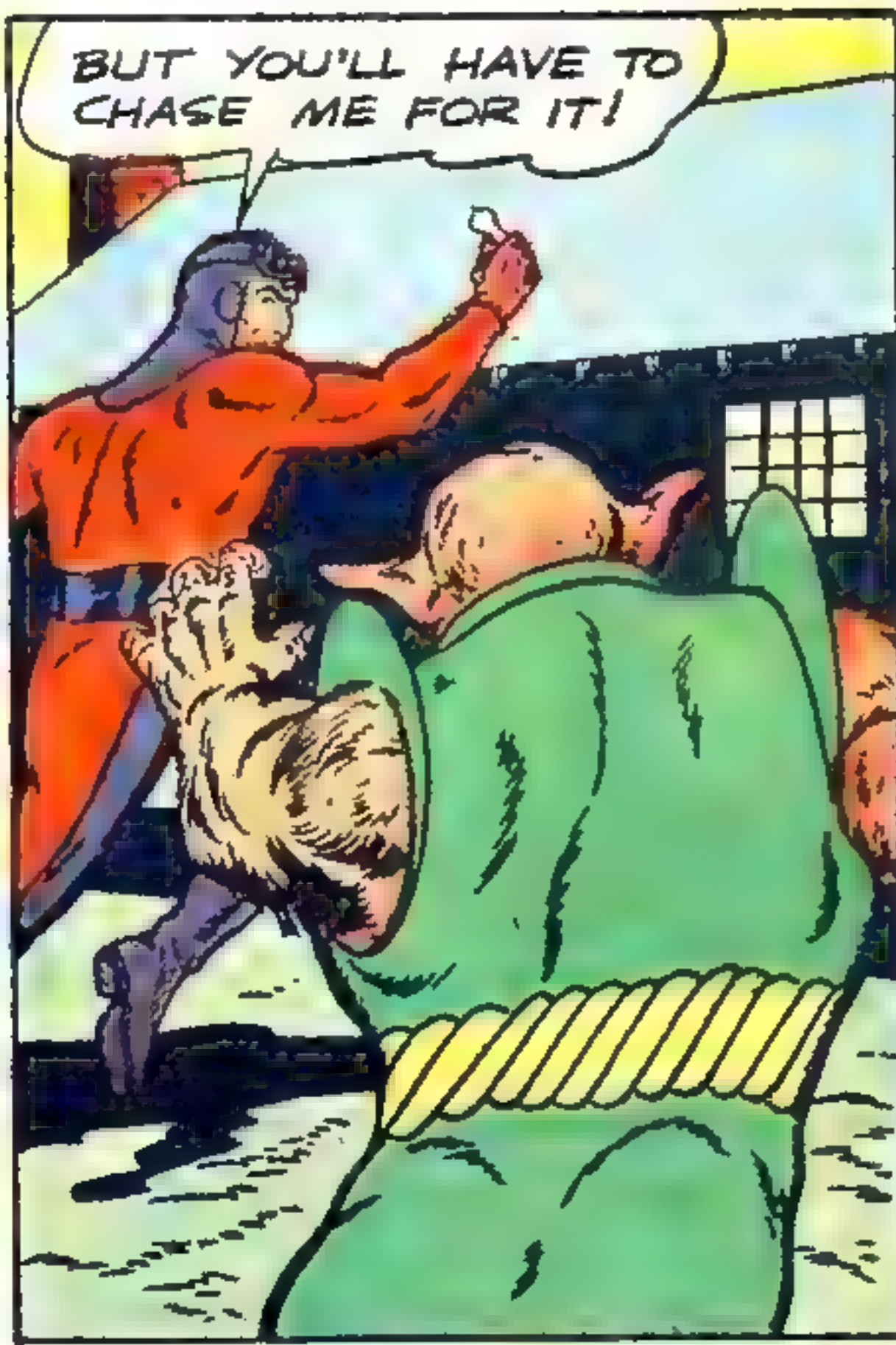
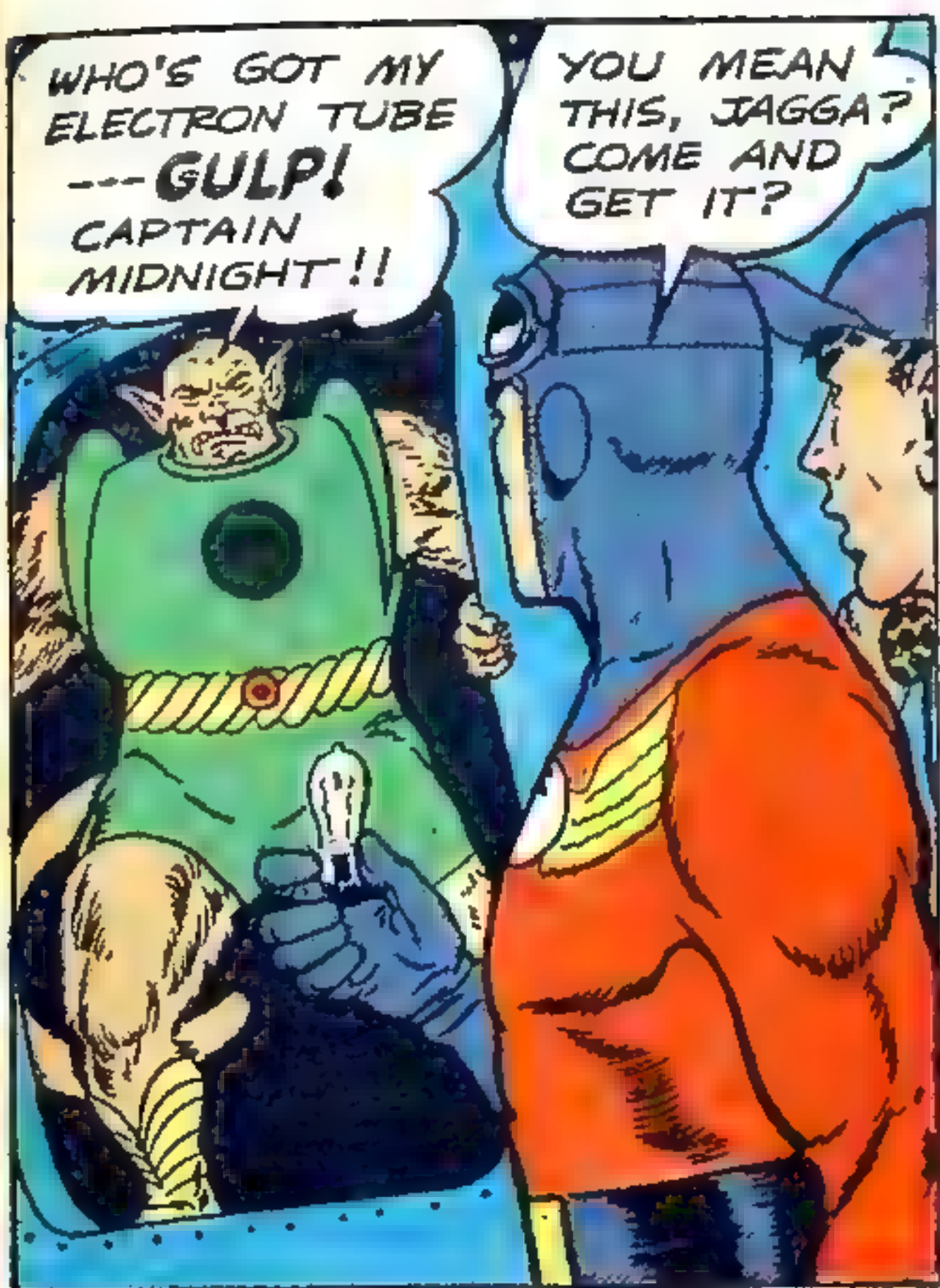
THAT WAS JAGGA! BUT I DON'T THINK HE'LL GET AWAY IN HIS SHIP --- NOT WHILE I HAVE THIS KEY ELECTRON-TUBE! I TOOK IT OUT TO EXAMINE IT!

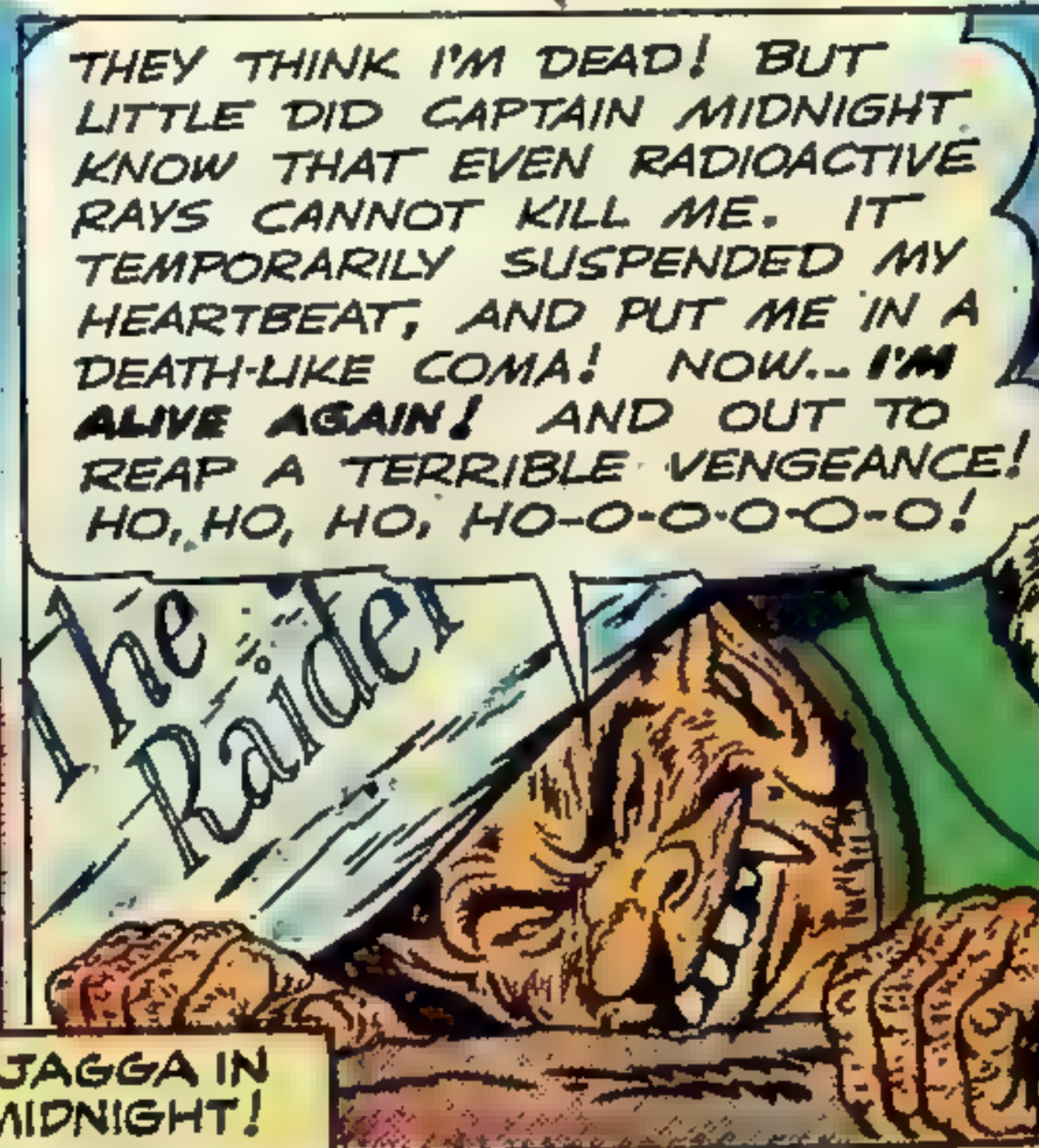
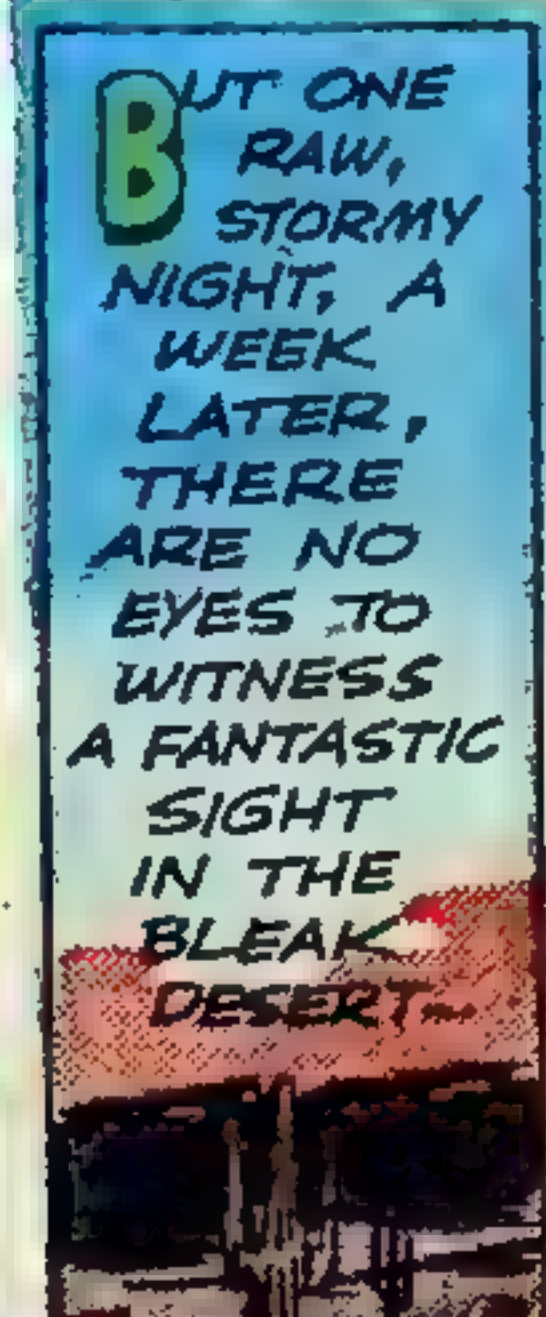
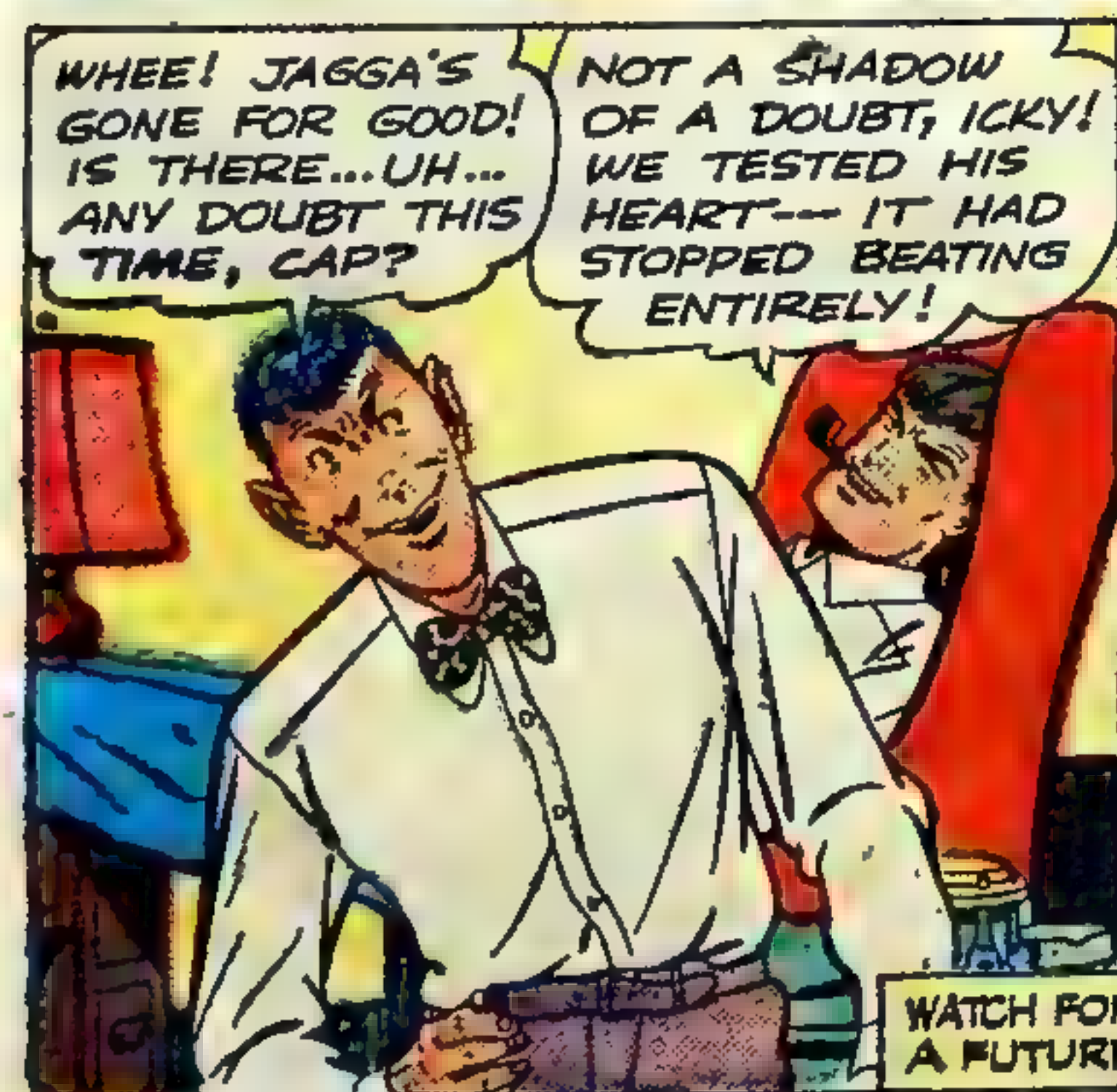
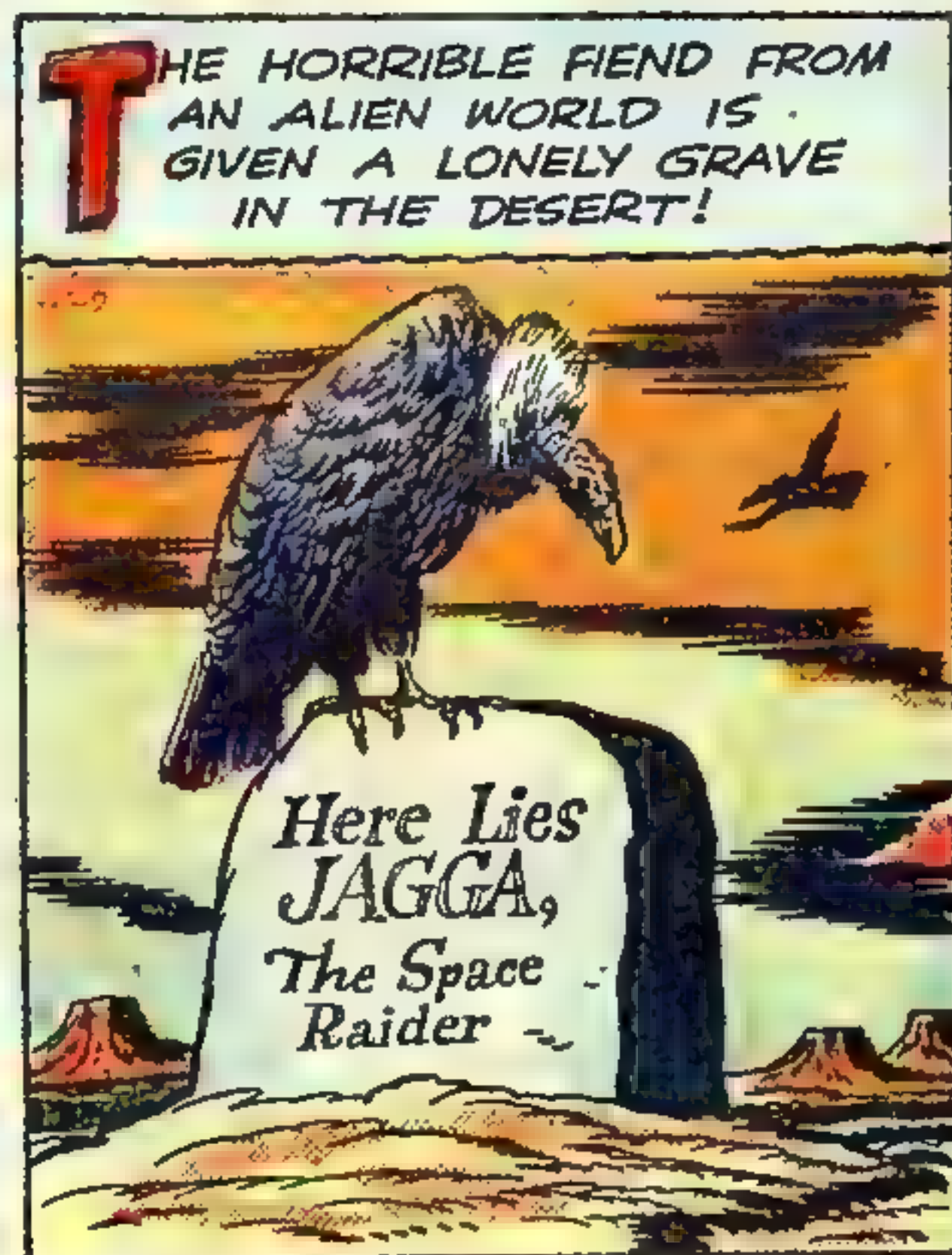
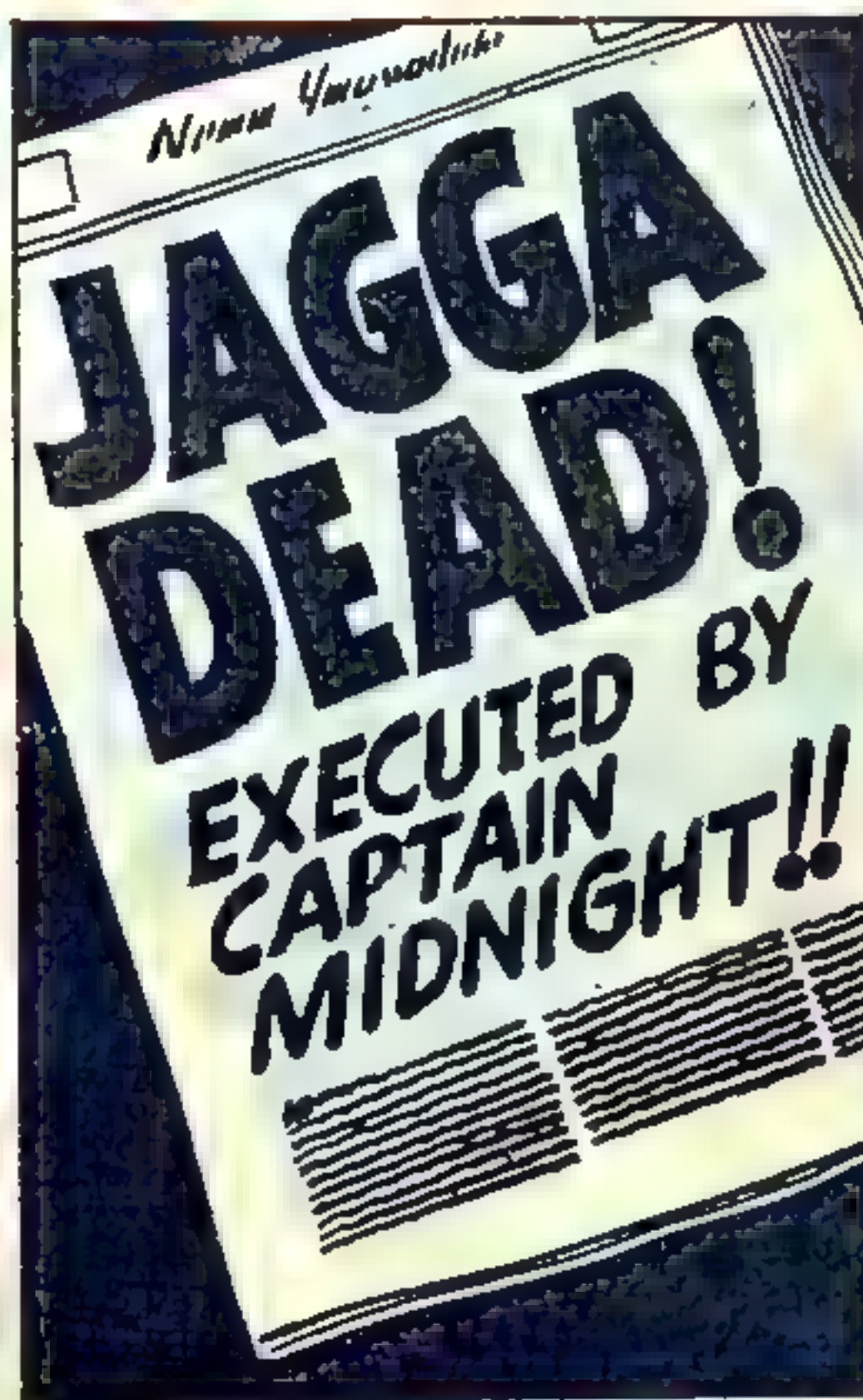
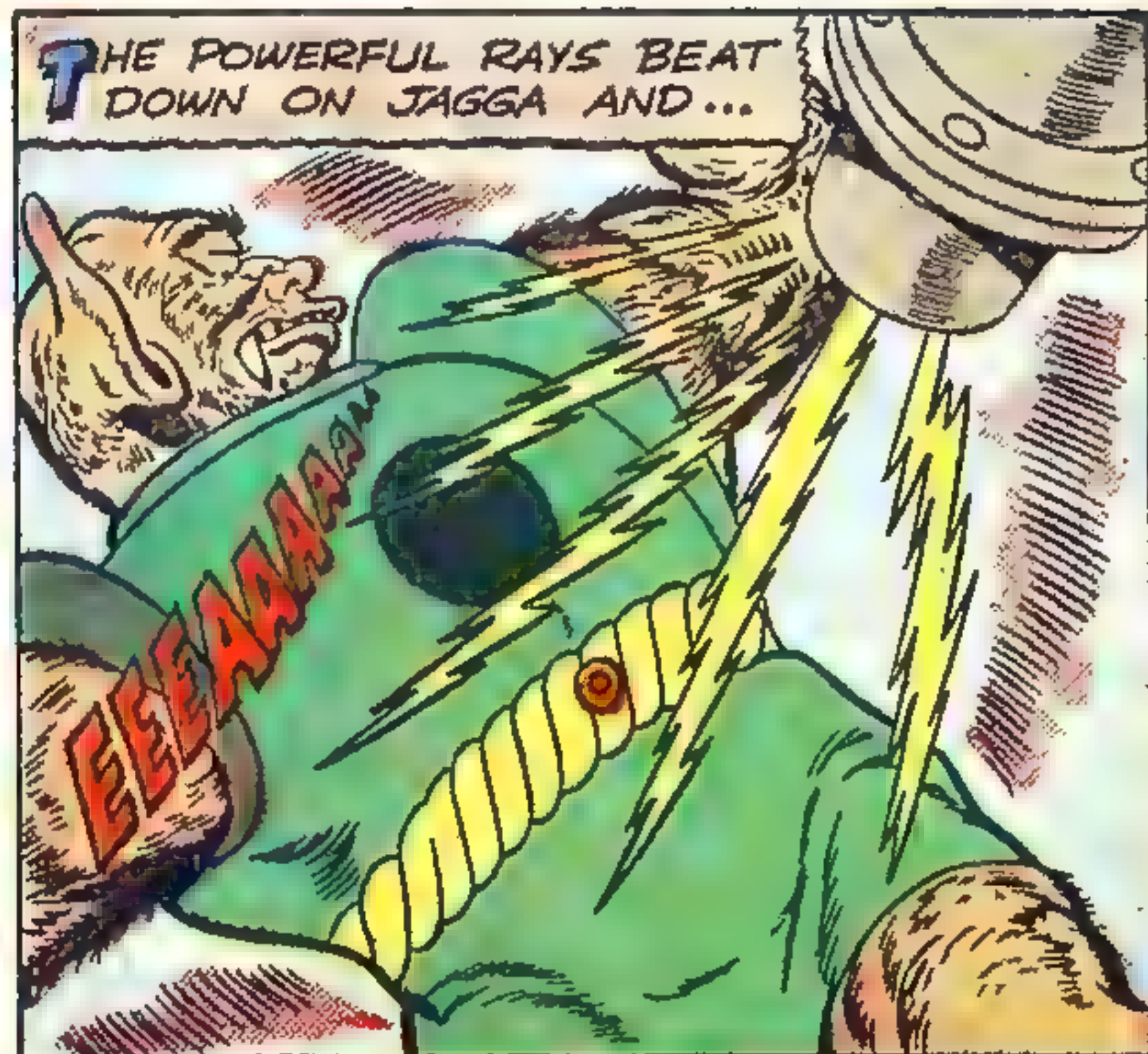
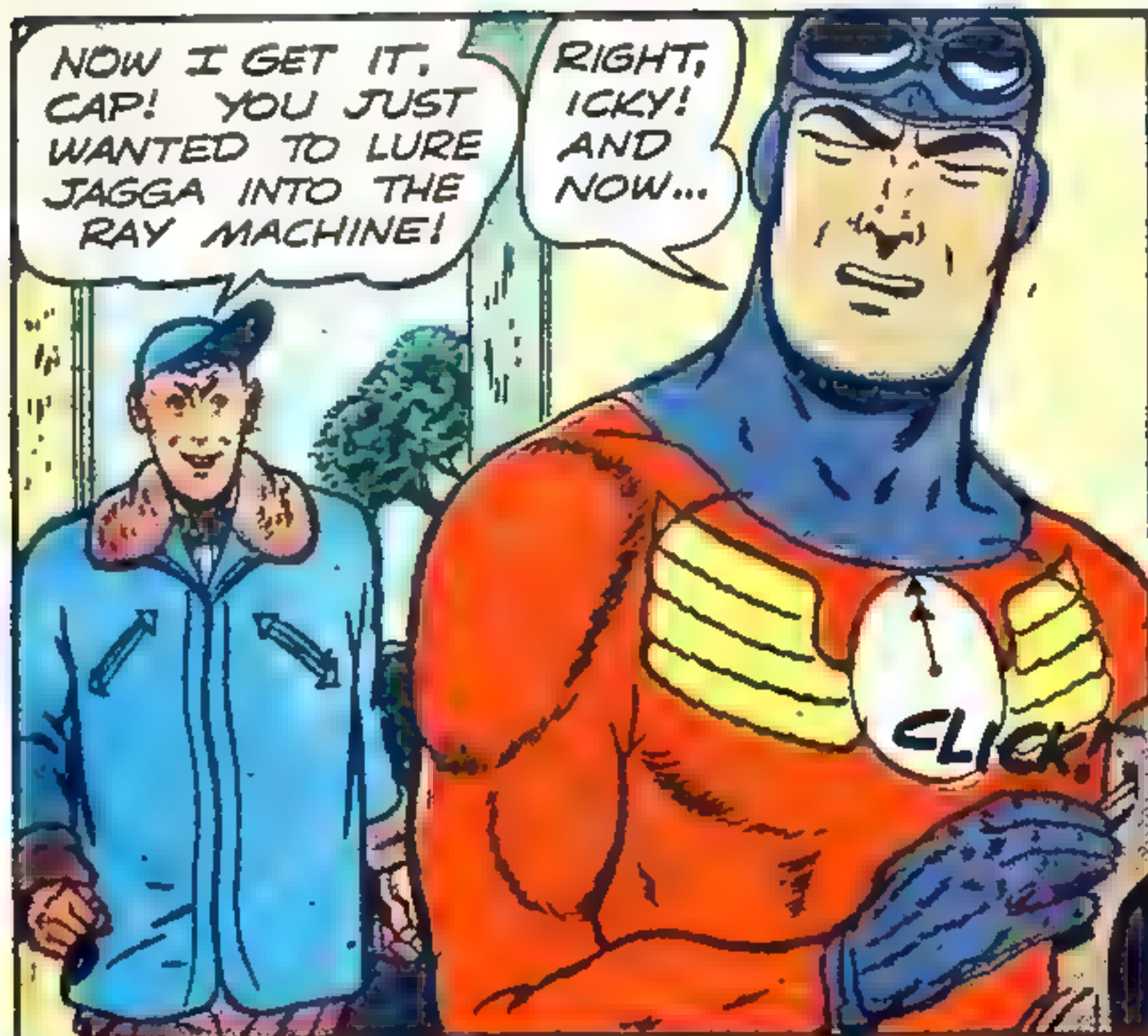
AND NOW THIS IS WHAT CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT HAS BEEN WAITING FOR --- FOR JAGGA TO APPEAR!

YIPEE!

THE SULTAN OF THE SKIES MAKES HIS APPEARANCE, IN PLACE OF CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT!

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT





WATCH FOR THE RETURN OF JAGGA IN A FUTURE ISSUE OF CAPT. MIDNIGHT!

IT'S ONE A.M. AS SAM AND EFFIE DRIVE PAST THE HOUSE OF WEALTHY BANKER HIGGINBOTHAM

THE CASE
OF THE
KIDNAPPED
HEIRESS

The Adventures of DASHIELL HAMMETT'S SAM SPADE

LISTEN TO: "The Adventures of Sam Spade"
every Sun. evg. on your Columbia (CBS) System
station. See radio listing in your local newspaper.

SAM...LOOK!
THEY'RE ELOPING--
ISN'T IT
ROMANTIC?

THAT GAL'S NOT ELOPING--
LOOK AT HER KICK! SHE'S
BEING KIDNAPPED!

WAIT HERE
EFFIE!

NO USE, SAM. HE'S
DUMPED HER INTO
HIS CAR

ROOT
OIL
OR
HAIR

WILDROOT INC.

HOLD ON,
SWEETHEART--
WE'LL CRASH
HIM ON THE
NEXT TURN!

COME OUT
OF THERE
YOU LUG!

LOOK OUT, SAM--HE MAY
HAVE A GUN!

WAIT!

HE'S NO KIDNAPPER!
HE'S TRYING TO MAKE
ME MARRY HIM--AND
I WOULD IF HE'D BE
MORE NEAT--ESPECIALLY
ABOUT HIS HAIR

SO THAT'S IT--EFFIE, HAND ME
THAT WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

SAM SPADE SUGGESTS YOU TRY WILDROOT CREAM-OIL. IT
MAKES YOUR HAIR LOOK SWELL. MAKES IT FEEL GOOD,
TOO. GET IT AT ANY DRUG OR TOILET GOODS COUNTER

HERE--GET SOME
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL
ON YOUR HAIR--MAYBE
SHE'LL CHANGE
HER MIND

WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL
HAIR TONIC

GROOMS THE HAIR
RELIEVES DRYNESS
REMOVES LOOSE
DANDRUFF



GEE, SPADE, WILD-
ROOT CREAM-OIL
MAKES ME LOOK SO
GOOD-SHE SHOULD
BE KIDNAPPING ME!

WELL,
I LIKE
THAT!

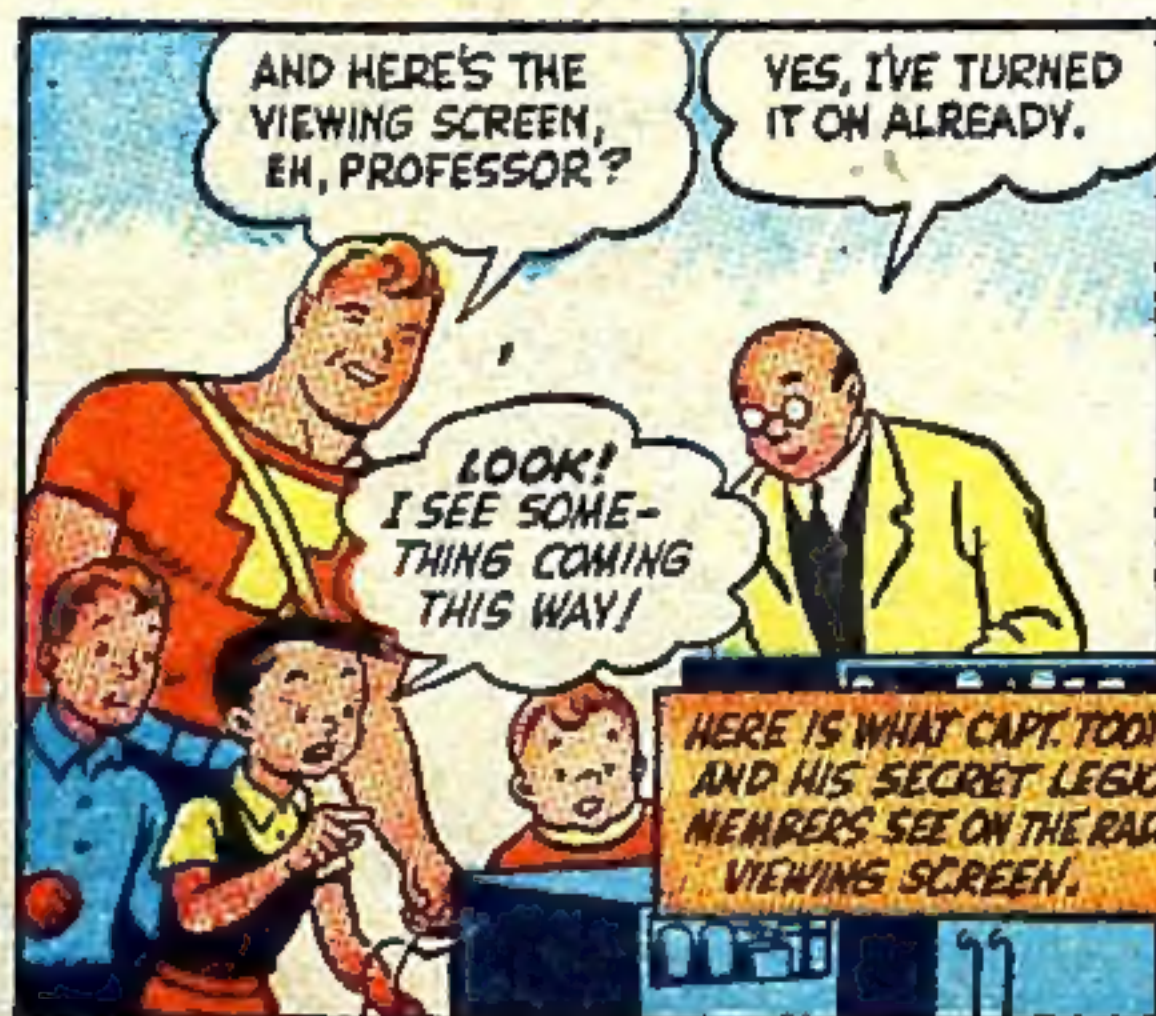
LOOK, PAL! SHE'S
A BANKER'S
DAUGHTER AND
SHE'S BEAUTIFUL.
"CREAM-OIL" OR NO
"CREAM-OIL"---I
WOULDN'T PLAY
HARD TO GET!





Captain Tootsie and the RADAR RESCUE

BY C.C. BECK AND PETER COSTANZA



*"It'll be terrific!
And, remember, we'll all want prints"*

Kodak

Wonderful snapshots coming up! Fish story—picnic story—vacation story . . . the story of all good times. Everybody likes those pictures—and why not? They're real . . . they're the gang, without frills.

For crisp, clear snaps use America's favorite film, Kodak Verichrome. It takes the guesswork out of picture taking . . . you press the button—it does the rest. With a strong assist, of course, from the camera—any of the famous cameras by Kodak. The Brownie Reflex, for example.



Kodak Cameras and Film
Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester

NEW EVEREADY FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES

TRADE-MARK

*Now last 93% longer!**



Drive 7 Goals with a Flashlight Cell?—Yes!

Properly released, the electric energy in one tiny "Eveready" flashlight cell could drive a polo ball the full length of the field — 300 yards — and do it 7 times, to score 7 goals!

● It takes POWER to make light. And it takes power-packed new "Eveready" flashlight cells to make *your* flashlight give you *better* light, longer! Today, with *energy* and *value* nearly doubled, "Eveready" brand flashlight batteries are first choice everywhere for l-a-s-t-i-n-g LIGHT! Plenty available—good dealers have them—no price increase!

The registered trade-mark "Eveready" distinguishes products of

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.

30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

UCC



NOW

1941

93%
MORE
ENERGY



* Means nearly *twice* the electric energy... almost *two times* longer life of bright, white light. Yours for the pre-war price. Still only 10¢.



NEW EVEREADY FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES

TRADE-MARK

*Now last 93% longer!**



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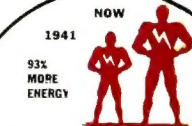
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